THE SPORTING MAGAZINE: OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR

Of the Tranſactions of the TURF, the CHASE, and every other Diverſion intereſting to the Man of Pleaſure, Enterprize, and Spirit,

For DECEMBER, 1794,

CONTAINING

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Ornamented with, 1. A beautiful Repreſentation of BEATING COVER; and 2. MUSCLES of the HORSE's LEG.

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WE are thankful to A. B. for his Hint; it ſhall certainly have proper attention paid it.

Deſirous on every occaſion of giving Satisfaction to our Readers, we ſhall not be inattentive to ſome part of the Obſervations of LOTHARIO; but ſurely the accuſation brought againſt us, for want of variety in our Publication, may be confuted, by his only looking at our preſent and former Numbers, and comparing them with any other Monthly Publication,—the quantity, as well as quality, (it is hoped) will be found inferior to none.

Momus is very *witty*, but we do not think his Wit likely to produce much Mirth to our Readers; and therefore beg leave to decline the inſertion of his Letter.

ASTONISHMENT will find his Production in our preſent Number.

Our Publiſher has received a variety of Letters from the ſame quarter, as we noticed in our laſt, none of which have been *read*, nor ever will be.

St. Thomas's Heat, or the *Ariſtocrat Diſtanced*, a Tale, has ſome merit, but improper for our Publication; there are many *knowing ones*, and without doubt, ſome capital feats of *Jockeyſhip* have been performed on a recent occaſion, by the admirers of *this Sport*; but *amuſements* of this kind are little calculated for your true bred *Sportſman*—conceiving the generality of our readers to be of this deſcription, we will not inſult them with the inſertion of any ſuch *Gilpin-like* Compoſitions.

Cook Sculp.

BREAKING COVER.

— Publish'd by J. Wheeble, Warwick-Square, January 1.st 1795. —

THE

Sporting Magazine

For DECEMBER, 1794.

Breaking Cover.

AGREEABLY to the promiſe made in our laſt Number, we now preſent our readers with a beautiful engraving, to illuſtrate the remarks on the *ſecond ſtage* of Fox-hunting, viz.

Breaking Cover.

Conſcious of having uſed our utmoſt exertions to produce a print worthy of being noticed by our *ſporting friends*, to them we look forward for further patronage and ſupport. The next ſubject is in the hands of our Engraver and will appear in No. 28.

Contrivances *to communicate* Intelligence *in* Ciphers, *by means of a* Pack *of* Cards.

THE parties muſt previouſly agree in what manner the cards ſhall be firſt placed, and then how they ſhall be ſhuffled. Thus ſuppoſe the cards are to be firſt placed in the order as hereafter follows, and then ſhuffled by taking off 3 from the top, putting the next 2 over them, and the following 3 under them*, and ſo alternately. Therefore the party who ſends the cipher firſt writes the contents of it on a ſeparate paper, and then copies the firſt 32 letters on the cards, by writing one letter on every card; he then ſhuffles them, in the manner deſcribed, and writes the ſecond 32 letters: he ſhuffles them a ſecond time, and writes the third 32 letters, and ſo of the reſt. An example will make this plain. Suppoſe the letter to be as follows:

* By ſhuffling the cards in this manner, there will remain only 2 to put under at laſt.

I am

I am in full march to relieve you; within| three days I shall be with you. If the ene|my in the mean time should make an assau|lt, remember what you owe to your countr|y, to your family, and yourself. Live with ho|nour, or die with glory.

Order of the cards before the 1st shuffle.

Ace spades	*i a d u y i*
Ten diamonds	*a l e u l*
Eight hearts	*m l m o i u*
King spades	*i s u m l*
Nine clubs	*n h l e o*
Seven diamonds	*f b m r i*
Nine diamonds	*u e a c t n*
Ace clubs	*l w k r y i*
Knave hearts	*l s e e a e*
Seven spades	*m i a r m w*
Ten clubs	*a i t h e r*
Ten hearts	*r r h o f*
Queen spades	*c h e e i*
Eight diamonds	*h a h y w*
Eight clubs	*t y o o o l*
Seven hearts	*o y a o h o*
Queen clubs	*r o n u y h*
Nine spades	*e u i y f y*
King hearts	*l e t e u o*
Queen diamonds	*i d s o e*
Eight spades	*e i n w s o*
Knave clubs	*v f a n t g*
Seven clubs	*e i s l y*
Ace hearts	*y r e b r*
Nine hearts	*o l n w o t*
Ace diamonds	*u h s t & d*
Knave spades	*w l m a l*
Ten spades	*i e y t r r*
King diamonds	*t t i b u r*
Queen hearts	*h h m n u*
King clubs	*i n a t h*
Knave diamonds	*n e r u o*

The person that receives these cards first places them in the order agreed on, and transcribes the first letter on every card. He then shuffles them, according to order, and transcribes the second letter on each card. He shuffles them a second time, and transcribes the third letters: and so of the rest.

If the cards were to be shuffled the second time by threes and fours, the third time by twos and fours, &c. it would make the cipher still more difficult to discover: though as all ciphers depend on the combination of letters, there are scarce any that may not be deciphered with time and pains. Those ciphers are the best that are by their nature most free from suspicion of being ciphers; as for example, if the letters were there wrote with sympathetic ink, the cards might then pass for a common pack.

Description *of a* Decoy *for taking* Wild Fowl.

A DECOY is generally made where there is a large pond surrounded with wood, and beyond that a marshy and uncultivated country; if the piece of water is not thus surrounded, it will be attended with the noise and other accidents which may be expected to frighten the wild fowl from a quiet haunt, where they mean to sleep, during the day-time, in security. If these noises or disturbances are wilful, it has been held that an action will lie against the disturber.—As soon as the evening sets in, the decoy rises (as they term it), and the wild-fowl feed during the night. If the evening is still, the noise of their wings, during the flight, is heard at a very great distance, and is a pleasing though rather melancholy sound. This rising of the decoy in the evening, is in Somersetshire called *radding*.

The decoy ducks are fed with hempseed, which is thrown over the

the ſkreens in ſmall quantities, to bring them forward into the pipes or canals, and to allure the wild fowl to follow as this ſeed is ſo light as to float.

There are ſeveral *pipes*, as they are called, which lead up a narrow ditch that cloſes at laſt with a funnel-net. Over theſe pipes (which grow narrower from their firſt entrance) is a continued arch of netting ſuſpended on hoops. It is neceſſary to have a pipe or ditch for almoſt every wind that can blow, as upon this circumſtance it depends which pipe the fowl will take to; and the decoy man always keeps on the leeward ſide of the ducks, to prevent his effluvia reaching their ſagacious noſtrils. All along each pipe, at certain intervals are placed ſkreens made of reeds, which are ſo ſituated, that it is impoſſible the wild fowls ſhould ſee the decoy-man, before they have paſſed on towards the end of the pipe, where the purſe-net is placed. The inducement to the wild-fowl to go up one of theſe pipes is, becauſe the decoy-ducks trained to this lead the way, either after hearing the whiſtle of the decoy-man, or enticed by the hempſeed; the latter will dive under water whilſt the wild-fowl fly on, and are taken in the purſe.

It often happens, however, that the wild-fowl are in ſuch a ſtate of ſleepineſs and dozing, that they will not follow the decoy-ducks. Uſe is then generally made of a dog, who is taught his leſſon: he paſſes backwards and forwards between the reed ſcreens (in which are little holes, both for the decoy-man to ſee, and the little dog to paſs through); this attracts the eye of the wild-fowl, who, not choofing to be interrupted, advance towards the ſmall and contemptible animal, that they may drive him away. The dog all the time, by the direction of the decoy-man, plays among the ſkreens of reeds, nearer and nearer the purſe-net; till at laſt, perhaps, the decoy-man appears behind a ſkreen, and the wild-fowl not daring to paſs by him in return, nor being able to eſcape upwards on account of the net-covering, ruſh on into the purſe-net. Sometimes the dog will not attract their attention, if a red handkerchief, or ſomething very ſingular, is not put about him.

The general ſeaſon for catching fowl in decoys, is from the latter end of October till February: the taking of them earlier is prohibited by an act 10 Geo. II. c. 32, which forbids it from June 1ſt to October 1ſt, under the penalty of five ſhillings for each bird deſtroyed within that ſpace.

The Lincolnſhire decoys are commonly ſet at a certain annual rent from 5 to 20 pounds a year: and there is one in Somerſetſhire that pays 30l. The former contribute principally to ſupply the markets in London. Amazing numbers of ducks, wigeons, and teal, are taken: by an account ſent us* of the numbers caught a few winters paſt, in one ſeaſon, and in only ten decoys, in the neighbourhood of Wain-fleet, it appeared to amount to 31,200, in which are included ſeveral other ſpecies of ducks; it is alſo to be obſerved, that, in the above particular, wigeon and teal are reckoned but as one, and conſequently ſell but at half price of the ducks. This quantity makes them ſo cheap on the ſpot, that we have been aſſured, ſeveral decoy-men would be content to contract for years to deliver their ducks at Boſton, for 10d. per couple.

* Pennant's Brit. Zool. vol. ii. p. 595.

couple. The account of the numbers here mentioned, relates only to those that were sent to the capital.

It was customary formerly to have in the fens an annual *driving* of the young ducks before they took wing. Numbers of people assembled, who beat a vast tract and forced the birds into a net placed at the spot where the sport was to terminate. A hundred and fifty dozens have been taken at once; but this practice being supposed to be detrimental, has been abolished by act of parliament.

MEMORANDUMS *from the last Will of the late* ROBERT BADDELEY, *of Drury-Lane Theatre.*

THE will bears date April 23, 1792.

He desires to be buried near the body of Miss Sherry, in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.

To his faithful friend and companion, Mrs. Catharine Strickland, generally called and known by the name of Baddeley, he bequeaths a life interest, in his house in New Store-street, and in his freehold messuage, garden, &c. at Upper Moulsey, in the county of Surrey, with plate, furniture, &c. After her decease, the above estates, with certain monies to arise from the insurance of an annuity, to go to the society established for the relief of indigent persons belonging to Drury-Lane Theatre.

The house and premises at Moulsey to be used as an assylum for decayed actors and actresses, and when the net produce of the property amounts to 350l. per annum, pensions are to be allowed.

Especial care to be taken to have the words BADDELEY'S ASYLUM, in front of the house.

His executors to publish every year, his letter as appeared in the General Advertiser, April 20, 1790, respecting the disagreement with his unhappy wife, to prevent the world from looking on his memory in the villainous point of view as set forth in certain books, pamphlets, &c.

One hundred pounds three per cent. consolidated bank annuities, which produce 3l. per annum, is left to purchase a *twelfth cake*, with wine and punch, which the ladies and gentlemen of Drury-Lane Theatre are requested to partake of every 12th night in the great Green Room.

Garrick's head, theatrical portraits, &c. to be placed in the Assylum at Moulsey, for the use of the pensioners.

The pensioners to give certain small sums to the poor of Moulsey, in order to constitute them inhabitants of the assylum, respectable in the eyes of their neighbours.

Pensioners to spend 20s. on the 20th of April in every year, in honour of the birth of the founder: a regalia to be worn, &c.

Rings, &c. to the members of the School of Garrick—revoked by a codicil; but rings to Charles and John Bannister, Wroughton, and Dodd, likewise to the Directors of the Fund—mourning ring for Garrick, to John Bannister.

Twenty pounds to his godson, John Fox Caulfield, natural son of General Burgoyne, by Susannah Caulfield—revoked in his last illness—said godson being, as he says, well provided for by the good and worthy Earl of Derby.

Executors—Catharine Strickland, Thomas Brand, Surgeon, with

with a legacy of 20l. and Richard Wroughton with a legacy of 10l.

Ring and gold-headed cane to Mr. Brand.

A curious and laughable CAUSE *lately tried before the* REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

PIERRE-ANNE Vruſſy, 24 years of age, born at Caen, volunteer in one of the battalions of the firſt requiſition, ſet out from Paris to join his regiment. On his arrival at Blois with one of his comrades, having no money, and wiſhing to live well on his journey, he declared to ſome that he was ſent on a ſecret miſſion, and to others that he was a Repreſentative of the people. He paſſed through ſeveral villages, and during two days he did nothing but eat and drink. He promiſed the one to make him commandant of a battalion, to another he ſaid that he would liberate her huſband, to ſome he offered penſions, to others rewards.

All the witneſſes who were examined againſt him ſwore, that he ſpoke every where of the bleſſings of liberty and equality, —He offered to pay at ſeveral hotels, but the landlords proud of having a deputy in their houſe, inſiſted on entertaining him for nothing.

Real, his official defender, proved that his conduct had nothing of a Counter-revolutionary tendency—that he could only be conſidered as a ſharper, and that under this point of view the penalties of the correctional Police would be ſufficient. His intention, added Real, was not to degrade the National Repreſentation; on the contrary you ſee that he ſpoke only of virtue, and promiſed only bleſſings; he thus beſtowed the beſt eulogium on the National repreſentation. The Tribunal acquitted him of any Counter-revolutionary intention, and ſentenced him to a fine of 15 livres and to three months impriſonment.

FEMALE DRESS.

IT has been anticipated, that the arrival of the Princeſs of Wales will produce a very material revolution in the dreſs of the Ladies, particularly in regard to the preſent faſhion of rejecting ſtiff ſtays, which it is ſuppoſed will again exert their tyrannic influence: that this however will not be the caſe, we are induced to conclude from the following edict, which a very few years ſince was publiſhed throughout the Empire.—It rather proves that the preſent faſhion originated in Germany, than that a German patronage is likely to aboliſh it;—

" Whereas the dangerous conſequences ariſing from the uſe of ſtays, are univerſally acknowledged to impair the health, and impede the growth of the fair ſex; when, on the contrary, the ſuppreſſion of that part of their dreſs cannot but be effectual in ſtrengthening their conſtitution, and above all in rendering them more fruitful in the marriage ſtate; we hereby ſtrictly enjoin, that in all orphan-houſes, nunneries, and other places ſet apart for the public education of young girls, no ſtays of any kind whatever ſhall be made uſe of or encouraged from henceforth, and from this inſtant: and it is hereby further hinted to all maſters and miſtreſſes of academies and boarding-ſchools, that any girl wearing ſtays ſhould not be received or countenanced in any ſuch ſchools. We hereby alſo will and command, that it be enjoined to the College of Phyſicians,

cians, that a dissertation adapted to every one's capacity be forthwith composed, shewing how materially the growth of children of the female sex is injured by the use of stays, for the better information of parents and schoolmasters who wish to procure a handsome shape to their children or pupils, as also those who are not rich enough to alter the stays in proportion to the growth of such children, or having the means, neglected to do it. The above dissertation shall be distributed gratis, and dispersed amongst the public; the more so, as whole nations, unacquainted with the use of stays, bring up a race of children, remarkable for the healthiest constitutions."

The above edict originated with the late liberal minded and benevolent Emperor Joseph.

Unfortunate ACCIDENT *in the Neighbourhood of* DEPTFORD.

*** *A degree of inconsistency being instantly discoverable on the face of the following paragraphs, which appeared in a Morning Paper three successive days, the Editors of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE, *cannot risque their insertion in it, without noticing them, and informing their readers, the friends, or the parties themselves, concerned in this apparent unfortanate business, that their publication, shall convey to the public, any authentic account of it they may think proper to send.*

A FEW evenings since, between seven and eight o'clock, as Mr. Cobb, Mr. Pond, and Mr. Davis of Covent Garden Theatre, were returning in a post-chaise from Sydenham, they were stopt by two footpads, one of whom fired into the chaise, Mr. Davis shot him dead on the spot. He proves to be one of the gang who the night before robbed a Mr. Robinson of a 10l. note, three guineas, and two pair of boots, as he had on a pair of the boots at the time he was shot.

We have authority to say, that a paragraph which has appeared relative to a robbery on Sydenham Common on Tuesday evening last, is wholly untrue.

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE!

The fact of the late reported robbery at Sydenham is now said to have been as follows:

The three persons mentioned were returning from a shooting party at Lewisham; and as the horses had come from town that morning, and three persons, together with their dogs, fowling pieces, game, &c. it was humanely proposed, that the driver should put on his long reins, and ride on the bar: this matter being adjusted, and all of them having previously loaded their guns, just as they reached the bottom of the hill, near the lime-kiln, a man called out to the driver to stop, when instantly Mr. Davis of Covent Garden Theatre let down the glass, and putting the muzzle of his piece to the supposed footpad's mouth, blew out his brains.

It since appears, that the poor fellow has left a wife and five children, was a ship-keeper in Deptford-yard, and had been to see his aged mother, who is in the alms house at Bromley, and, as is supposed, being tired, wished to ride on the bar with the driver, taking it for a returned chaise.

This unfortunate business makes a great noise at Deptford, and the parish having resolved to investigate it, the parties have already been served with notices to appear before Mr. Justice Russell at Greenwich.

A TREA-

A Treatise *on* Farriery, *with* Anatomical Plates.

(*Continued from Page* 72.)

THUS the arteries that carry the blood are continued to the sanguinary veins, and the arteries that convey the lymph are continued to the lymphatic veins. As also that the secretory duct takes its rise at the place where the lymphatic artery unites with the vein of the same name. And likewise that the lymphatic artery proceeds from the capillary arteries that carry the blood.

The secretory vessel, which makes up the greatest part of the body of the gland, is lined with a kind of down, which is of different colours, according to the nature of the fluid which is separated by the gland. Now suppose this down is originally imbued with the same fluid that the gland secretes, we may then suppose it will let nothing pass through but what is of the same nature; like a sheet of cap-paper, which being dipt in oil or water, will let nothing pass through but a fluid of the same kind into which it was dipt. Or as a bit of cloth saturated with oil, being plunged in a vessel wherein there is oil and water, will let nothing pass through it but oil.

In consequence of this, if we conceive the blood to contain the different humours which are to be secreted by the glands, and which being carried to the organ by the sanguinary artery; it will supply the lymphatic artery, continued thereto, with a part of the lymph which it contains, which abounding with the different fluids to be separated therefrom, will suffer the fluid to escape, which is analogous to that wherewith the down was imbued; while the other humours, which have no relation thereto, will follow the course of the lymphatic vessel, which will again unload itself into the mass of blood, and with it be transmitted to the gland designed to separate another fluid.

The fluid which is introduced into the secretory vessel, continuing to pass through its different ramifications, will at length reach the excretory duct, and then it will deposit the liquor which is contained in reservoirs formed like vesicles, as is observable in the glands of the stomach, the guts, &c.

The fluids separated by the conglomerate glands are of three kinds; the first are called recrements; such are those that, being once separated from the mass of blood, mix with it again for different uses; as the unctuous juice contained in the cells of the marrow, the fluid of the pericardium, that of the ventricles of the brain, cerebellum, &c.

The second sort are the excrementitious fluids; that is, such as being once separated from the mass of blood, never return into it again; or if it should so happen, would prove prejudicial to the animal: as the urine, sweat, and the matter of insensible perspiration.

The third kind are such fluids as are in part recremental, and in part excremental; that is, a part of these fluids enter into the mass of blood, while the other part never does, but is thrown out of the road of circulation. Such are the saliva, the bile, the gastric juices, as also the intestinal and pancreatic juices.

The first and most considerable conglomerate gland in the whole body, is that which is contained in the inner part of the skull; and is the *brain*, the *cerebellum*, and the *medulal*

medulla oblongata. We may alſo reckon the *choroide plexus*, and that which is called the *pituitary gland.* This ſeparates the animal ſpirits.

The principal in the face is the *lachrymal gland*, and thoſe which are placed on the edge of the eyelids, called the *ciliary glands.* The pituitary membrane of the noſe is beſet with a great number of glands to ſecrete the mucus. The glands whoſe excretory ducts empty themſelves into the mouth, are in great number; as the parotid and maxillary glands, the ſublingual, the buccal, the palatine, the almonds, the ſmall glands on the ſurface of the uvula, and thoſe of the pharynx. Theſe ſeparate the ſaliva and other fluids, to mix with the aliment, and to render ſwallowing eaſy. The gland under the tongue, called the *ſublingual*, is the ſeat of the *ſtrangles* in young horſes.

The ears have the ceruminous glands which ſupply them with wax, and ſome ſmall ones in the barrel of the drum, and in the euſtachian tube. The cheſt has the feweſt conglomerate glands, among which ſome reckon the thymus, and the ſmall glands ſuppoſed to be contained in the pleura. The bronchial glands ſecrete a lymphatic fluid into the cavity of the bronchia, and the tracheal into the windpipe. Add to theſe, thoſe on the inſide of the larynx, and thoſe placed on the convex part of the epiglottis.

The lower belly has a greater number of conglomerate glands than any other part; for beſides thoſe of the peritonæum, there is the pancreas, which ſeparates the pancreatic juice; the liver, which ſecretes the gall; the kidneys, which ſeparate the urine: as alſo the glands of the ſtomach and inteſtines, the capſulæ attrabiliariæ, the proſtrate gland, and the glands in the ſpungeous web of the urethra. Add to theſe, the glands on the inſide of the bladder, which ſeparate a fluid to guard it againſt the ſharpneſs of the urine.

There are alſo glands in the matrix and vagina of mares, and the glandulous bodies which ſurround the urethra.

To all theſe we may add the mucilaginous glands which ſupply the joints with a fluid to render them ſupple, to which the name of *ſynovia* is commonly given.

As to the *conglobate glands*, there is none obſervable in the ſkull, unleſs you will give that name to ſome glandulous grains which are placed along the ſuperior longitudinal ſinus. There is a conglobate gland which touches the parotid, and another on the baſis of the lower jaw. This has given room for ſome to divide the maxillary and parotid glands into conglobate and conglomerate. There are likewiſe conglobate glands which accompany the internal jugular veins, and others that are placed on the poſterior part of the neck, ſome near, and ſome farther off the occipital bone.

In the cheſt there are the dorſal, which are two, connected to the gullet. There are alſo glandulous grains of the ſame kind at the baſis of the heart.

In the lower belly there are the *gaſtric*, which are ſeated on the upper orifice of the ſtomach. The *hepatic*, which are placed near the entrance of the vena portæ, under the hollow part of the liver, and others near the biliary duct. The *ſplenic* lie on the internal ſurface of the ſpleen, and the *epilpoic* on the upper part of the caul. Some lie near the reſervoir

fervoir of the chyle; and the *mesenteric* all over the whole length of the mesentery. The *iliac* touch the vessels of the same name; and others are seated on the internal surface of the os sacrum.

The three axillary glands lie under the armpits; there are likewise several in the groins, but not so large in horses as in men. Lastly, there is one remarkable in the middle of the thigh, commonly called the *pope's eye.*

Besides the *lymphatic vessels*, formerly mentioned, there is another kind, called the *valvular lymphatics*, on account of the great number of valves contained therein, and which may be known on the outside by the number of knots to be seen thereon. These vessels may be discovered on the surface of the viscera, and more particularly the liver, where they form a kind of net-work. They likewise attend the greatest part of the veins, as well as the conglobate glands in which these vessels seem to terminate. Then other branches proceed from hence, generally larger than the former, which pass on to the next conglobate glands.

The vessels are transparent, because they consist only of a thin membrane, through which a clear fluid may be perceived, called lymph. They discharge this into the receptacle of the chyle, the thoracic duct, and some of the veins which they accompany. This lymph is taken up again by these vessels in all parts of the body, and ought to be looked upon as the remainder of that which has been employed in nourishment. It serves to dilute the chyle, and to supply it with parts that contribute to nourishment. We are not sufficiently acquainted with the origin of these vessels, nor their distribution through the body, so as to give an exact description of them. In general they may be looked upon as veins which carry a fluid from the circumference of the body to the centre, to which the valves contained therein greatly contribute.

OF MANAGING HORSES ON THE ROAD.

GENTLEMEN who can take their time in going a journey, should ride but a short stage the first day, a longer the second, and a longer still the third. When the journey is very long, it will be proper to rest the fourth day, that the horse may have time to recover his spirits and vigour; after which he will pursue the journey with ease. Some are ready to think that this is entirely needless, and that they have nothing to do but to push forward; but they are often deceived, for we have seen many that were obliged to leave their horses behind them, and to hire fresh ones.

Those that travel in hot weather, which always causes the horses to perspire greatly, should let them drink a little now and then, to supply the loss of the fluids, but never much at a time. This method would likewise cool his mouth, and refresh his spirits. But when you come within a mile and a half or two miles of the place you intend to bait at, whether at noon or at night, let him drink a little; after this ride him gently, and yet so as to warm the water in his belly; but not hard, for this is dangerous, and may render him pursy. This precaution is necessary; for when a horse has his belly full of cold water, there may be a dan-

ger of a coagulation of the blood in the ſtomach and lungs, which may produce inflammations of very dangerous conſequence. However, the nearer you come to the inn the ſlacker ſhould be your pace: otherwiſe the horſe muſt be led about, that he may cool by degrees.

If the weather will not permit this, and there is a neceſſity of putting him directly into the ſtable, do not take his bridle off directly, but ſtay till he has recovered his breath. Then looſen his girts, take of the crupper, and put ſtraw between the pannels of the ſaddle and his back. This done, let him be well rubbed in every part, till he is quite cool, letting the ſaddle remain as before all the time. If there is no opportunity of watering your horſe on the road, as abovementioned, don't give him water at the inn while he is hot, nor let him be rode into the water to waſh or cool him, for this may cauſe the blood to ſtagnate in his limbs, and bring on diſorders in his legs very hard to remove. Not that you need be cautious in hot weather to avoid every lake or puddle, if any; for ſuch a tranſient paſſage through them may refreſh the horſe and cool his feet, but can do him no manner of harm.

Having taken care that every thing is done as above directed, it will be proper to let his water be lukewarm, for fear of conſequences. What has been ſaid about water may in ſome meaſure be applied to his food; for while a horſe continues hot, the blood-veſſels of his ſtomach are diſtended, and it would be improper to feed him while he continues in that condition. Some horſes, indeed, have no appetite till the circulation of the blood is moderate, and till they are a little recovered from their fatigue; but this is not always the caſe. The horſe at firſt may have a little hay given him by handfuls, till he is quite cool, and then the uſual quantity of water and meat. But if he is to travel farther the ſame day, the feed ſhould be but ſmall, and at night he may have a full feed, that is half a peck of oats with a few beans given him at twice. Remember, likewiſe, that it will be proper to throw a covering over the horſe when he comes into ſtable eſpecially if he has been uſed to be clothed.

Let care be taken that all the old hay be taken out of the rack, and freſh put in; and if the roads are duſty, it will be proper firſt to give him a little bran to cleanſe his mouth and tongue. He ſhould always have his water before his feed, for this has been found to be the moſt wholeſome both by reaſon and experience. Every one knows the neceſſity of littering a horſe well, for it is not only refreſhing, but ſerves to keep their feet in proper temperature.

When you are on the road, and the horſe ſeems to want to ſtop in order to ſtale, you muſt not prevent, but rather encourage him; and this will make him travel with greater eaſe and pleaſure.

When the girts are looſened, it will not be improper to examine under the ſaddle, on each ſide to ſee if there is any hurt; and if there is, the ſaddle ſhould be ſo ſtuffed as to prevent its preſſing on the ſore part. Likewiſe on the road if your own weight, or otherwiſe, cauſe the ſaddle to ſink down upon the withers or backbone, you ſhould get it ſtuffed at the firſt convenient place you come at.

When you come to the inn, it will be proper to have the horſe's feet examined, to ſee if his ſhoes are all right, or

or whether there is any gravel between them and the foot, or whether any thing is sticking in the sole which must be taken out. If a horse's back should be swelled under the saddle, the best way will be to fill a thin bag with hot horse-dung, and tie it on his back all night.

It sometimes happens that a horse's back is raw, or that the swelling and inflammation has small holes or wounds therein, which some call the *warbles*. In this case bathe the part with equal quantities of spirits of wine and tincture of myrrh and aloes, with a little spirit of turpentine. Or which is better, with *friars balsam*. But as this is dear, being generally sold for a shilling an ounce, I shall shew how to make it, and then you may be more free in using it.

Take of balsam of Tolu an ounce, benjamin and storax of each three ounces, of myrrh an ounce, aloes and olibanum of each half an ounce; powder these ingredients as fine as you can and then put them into a stone-bottle; then pour three pints of rectified spirits of wine over them, and shake them well together. In the midst of summer set the bottle in the sun for a week or ten days; at other times by the fire, till the gums are near dissolved, and then it will be fit for use.

This is of singular service to cure sores, wounds, and bruises in men as well as in horses; and a vial of it is very proper to be taken on a journey; for, from twenty to sixty drops may be taken on a lump sugar, or in a glass of wine, in coughs, colds, cholicks, and many other disorders. Nothing can be better than this when a horse's foot is hurt by any rough or sharp thing upon the road or otherwise.

You may apply it to the foot by making it warm, dipping lint therein, and then applying it to the part when it is cleared of the gravel, thorns, &c. and renew it as it grows dry.

When a horse is very much fatigued or tired after a journey, it will be proper to take two heel-nails out of each foot before, to bleed him in the neck, and instead of oats to give him bran a little moistened, for ten or twelve days. Likewise stuff the feet with cow-dung and horse-dung mixed together with chamber-lye, to prevent their swelling, which may sometimes happen after a tedious journey.

OF THE MANAGEMENT OF A HORSE, SO AS TO PREVENT DISEASES.

Before we come to shew how horses ought to be treated to preserve them in health, it will be necessary to shew when they are so. That horse may be said to be so, who is well in flesh, that has a smooth glossy coat, that is lively and brisk, performing his business well without being dispirited, that feeds clean, without having a languid or voracious appetite, eating and drinking moderately, never refusing his meat or labour. When a horse has all these qualities, our study must be how to preserve him in this condition, not by medicines which are now useless, but by proper care and due management.

When a horse eats either too little or too much, it is by no means consistent with health; for if he eats too little, he will be always low, dispirited, and incapable of performing his necessary labour. And if he has a ravenous appetite, he is generally of a lax habit of body, and dungs more frequently than one whose fibres are strong.

Therefore

Therefore it is an absurd opinion to suppose, that when a horse eats a great deal, he will be the better able to do a great deal of work. Besides, these sorts of horses have seldom or ever a good digestion, which will appear from their excrements being crude, and bringing away the nutritive part of the food, which should have been retained in the body, and from whence strength proceeds. Such horses as these are frequently dunging upon the road, and never perform a journey to the satisfaction of the rider. One way to remedy this evil, is to put his hay into such rack or cratch, that he can draw but little out of it at a time, and to mix chopt wheat-straw with his oats, to make him chew them sufficiently, and to prevent his swallowing them too fast.

Hay and grass alone are but low feeding, and a horse that has nothing else will soon lose his flesh, if he is used as a working horse. However, there is a great deal of difference in the goodness of hay, and some sort of land will never produce any that is fit for a valuable horse. In rainy seasons when the grass is cut down, it is so soaked with water before it is got in, that the virtue of the hay is, as is it were, washed out, and nothing remains but insipid stuff, which is not unlike the leaves of tea after the virtue has been drained out by hot water. Likewise when hay is made in hot sun-shine weather, a great many of the spirituous volatile particles fly off, and with them the finest part of the nourishment. But this often unavoidable, and yet is infinitely better than the former. That hay is best, which is made in dry cloudy weather, for then it will remain juicy, and contain all its virtues. Thus those herbs that are gathered for the use of medicine are directed to be dried in a shady place, where no wet can come to spoil them.

When you come to examine the goodness of hay, you should always choose that which is hard, of a palish green, that has a quick, lively, agreeable smell, and is fullest of flowers. For that which is musty, damp, soft, or without smell is not fit for use. Hay, after it is got in, undergoes a kind of fermentation, with heat ennobles its juices, and makes them more spirituous and proper for nourishment in the same manner as apples; for there is a very remarkable difference between the taste of those just gathered off the tree, and those that have lain some time; for a kind of vinous smell and taste is observable in these last. For this reason, new hay, that is before it has sweated, as they call it, is never fit for any but labouring horses. This fermentation of the hay is the occasion of its firing when stacked before it is sufficiently dry; for the moisture contained therein concentrates the heat, and keeping within the body of the stack, attracts the electrical fire, and so sets it a burning.

The hay that is preserved after part of it is burnt, is very good fodder for horses, by way of change, except that part of it that has suffered too much; and there are some sickly horses that will prefer this to any other, which they may be allowed without detriment: however it will not be proper to give it for a constancy. The time when new hay becomes fit for use is generally about Christmas; but this is best known by its smell, for when it has been kept long enough, the smell is pleasant, whereas before, it was

deadish or faint: though some will not suffer it to be used till the succeeding spring; but in this case the nose is the best director.

Clover-grass is by some thought to make the best hay, whence comes the proverb, *to live in clover*; but this is a mistake; for if a horse feeds constantly upon it, it will produce various disorders, particularly the cholick. It is much more wholesome when a little of it is mixt with other hay, particularly rye-grass. And now I am speaking of this, it will not be improper to observe that the time of using rye-grass hay is a little on this side Michaelmas, for then it is tolerably hard and dry; and after that, when the weather becomes damp, it will imbibe the moisture of the air, and so become unwholesome. For the same reason, all sorts of hay should be fresh from the stack, because the weather in winter-time will, in some degree, affect in the same manner, and render it not so proper to feed a horse with. Hence likewise we perceive the cause why soft hay is not so wholesome as the hard, as it imbibes the moisture of the air more speedily, and is on that account, more likely to spoil and rot.

In general, short hay is better than that which is long and rank, for the last is more dusty and should always be well shook before it is used. But there needs no such precaution with regard to short hay, or rather it should always be omitted, for as it is commonly full of seed, it would be shook out, and with it a useful part of the nourishment. For horses are fond of the seed, and will lick it up when it falls into the manger, even before they begin to eat the hay; which is a certain proof of its utility, if you will allow horses to know what is most fit for their own health. And that this may be granted, is pretty certain, because there are no animals that care to be fed with incongruous aliments, unless driven to it by necessity. And there is no doubt to be made, but that nature is a much better teacher than any man can be, and knows what kind of aliment, and sometimes remedies are most proper, much better than we with all our boasted knowledge. Else whence comes it to pass, that dogs, by a kind of instinct, always have recourse to a particular kind of grass, which on that account we distinguish by the name of dog-grass. As for what is said of its tickling their throats, and so makes them vomit, is contrary to experience.

That hay which stands long on the ground in wet weather, while the farmer waits for a dry season, is commonly rotten at the root, and when it is made becomes full of dust. This should never be made use of when there is any better to be got; but when you are obliged to use it through necessity, be sure to shake the dust well out of it, and then it will not have those bad effects as will certainly follow without this precaution.

Some affirm a horse will eat more bad hay than good, because it yields little nourishment, for then he will endeavour to supply in quantity what it wants in quality. However this is certain, that when a horse is kept upon bad hay only, let him eat what quantity he will, he will soon become low, dispirited, and poor; for his blood being impoverished, and perhaps viscid, all the wheels of nature will soon be clogged, and then it will be no wonder that

that low, chronic diseases should ensue.

The other part of a horse's diet is various in different countries, and yet we can perceive no particular effects from their different kinds of food; for horses in Spain, where they feed with barley, have as much mettle as in other places. Custom has a wonderful influence over the feeding of animals in general, otherwise it would be absurd to imagine, that cows could be brought to live on putrified fish; and yet they have little else in the south parts of Persia, and near the gulph of Arabia, where they bury fish in the ground till it is rotten, and then mix it with water, and give it to their cattle, who swallow it very gredily. It is the same among mankind, for though they generally agree in the use of bread, it is made with different sorts of corn; and all over the eastern countries they substitute boiled rice in its room. There is no nation except the Tartars, who use no bread, nor any thing that serves for the same purpose.

It is the custom with us in England to feed our horses with oats, which are not so heating as wheat, nor so cooling as barley. Horses in general are fond of them, though they have been used to barley or other grain. In many countries they make them into bread or cakes, and almost live upon them, particularly in Scotland, and the northern parts of England; which shews they have no bad qualities; for the people there are as strong and robust as in other parts of the world. But if they are given to horses with too free a hand, these are supposed to heat overmuch: but however this be, we are sure that it will cause them to neglect their hay. But though oats are never so cheap, it is a bad practice, unless the horse has a great deal of exercise, for otherwise he will be apt to fall into fevers, or breed surfeits.

The best oats are heavy, with a thin shell, and which rattle when they are poured into the measure. The northern countries where the ground is cold and moorish, produce the best oats, and large quantities are sent from thence to London, sufficient to supply all the parts round about it. Sometimes when the passage is long, they are apt to grow musty, by being kept so long in the hold of a ship. But if they are spread about on a deal floor, and often turned, they will come to themselves, and recover their sweetness. And yet fine delicate horses should be fed with the freshest and newest oats, for these are found by experience to agree best with their constitutions. Let the colour of oats be what they will, if they are sweet, firm, and hard, we may depend upon their being good, and then we neeed not trouble our heads about their aspect. However, if they happen to be husky, if we increase the allowance, they will answer the same ends as if they were otherwise; for some country farmers are so sparing, that they will feed their horses with husks only.

The common opinion, that plentiful feeding with oats makes a horse hot, is very absurd, for if they rendered a horse hot, he would consequently be more fond of drinking: but we find by experience, that he wants less water with oats than with hay.

Other kinds of corn would agree very well with horses, if they were accustomed to eat it, but without that it has unexpected effects.

Description

Description of a FOX CHACE.

From Mr. BECKFORD'S THOUGHTS *on* HUNTING.

MARK how he runs the cover's utmost limits, yet dares not venture forth; the hounds are still too near!—That check is lucky!—now, if our friends head him not, he will soon be off—hark! they halloo: by G—d he's gone!

"—— Hark what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy."

SOM.

Now huntsman get on with the head hounds; the whipper-in will bring on the others after you: keep an attentive eye on the leading-hounds, that should the scent fail them, you may know, at least, how far they brought it.

Mind *Galloper*, how he leads them!—It is difficult to distinguish which is first, they run in such a stile; yet *he* is the foremost hound.—The goodness of his nose is not less excellent than his speed:—How he carries the scent! and when he loses it, see how eagerly he flings to recover it again!——There—now he's at head again!—see how they top the hedge!——Now, how they mount the hill!——Observe what a head they carry; and shew me if thou canst, one shuffler or skirter amongst them all: are they not like a parcel of brave fellows, who when they engage in an undertaking determine to share its fatigue, and its dangers equally amongst them?

"——Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls, in vain the ditch
Wide gaping threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig gives us no pain;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then toss'd on high
Ride on the billows and defy the storm."

SOM.

It was then the fox I saw, as we came down the hill;—those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he past along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not, for they dash beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain!—*Galloper* no longer keeps his place, *Brusher*, takes it—see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs!—How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it—yet *Victor* comes up apace.——He reaches him!—See what an excellent race it is between them!——It is doubtful which will reach the cover first.—How equally they run!—how eagerly they strain!—now Victor,—Victor!——Ah! Brusher, you are beaten; Victor first tops the hedge.—See there! see how they all take it in their strokes! the hedge cracks with their weight; so many jump at once.——

Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side of the cover.—he is right, unless he head the fox.

"Heav'ns

"Heav'ns! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake."

Som.

Listen! — the hounds have turned.—They are now in two parts: The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.—

Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages.—He is right!—that, doubtless, is the hunted fox; Now they are off again.—

"What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring chace
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
The new shorn-mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave pack; how to the head they press,
Justling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks.
——— Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
——— Old age laments
His vigour spent; the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumb'rous bulk, and envies now,
The short pygmean race, he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoys, nor droop beneath
Their pleasing toils."

Som.

Ha! the check, now for a moment's patience!—We press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman stand still! as yet they want you not.—How admirably they spread! how wide they cast! is there a single hound that does not try? if there be, ne'er shall he hunt again. There *Trueman* is on the scent—he feathers, yet still is doubtful—'tis right! how readily they join him! See those wide casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost!—Mind *Lightning* how she dashes; and *Mungo*, how he works! Old *Frantic* too, now pushes forward; she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

"——— Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.
Thro' ev'ry homestall, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies.

Som.

Huntsman! at fault at last? How far did you bring the scent?——Have the hounds made their own cast?—Now make yours. You see that sheep-dog has coursed the fox; — get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that halloo is indeed a a lucky one.—If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed, must stop at last. We shall now see if they will hunt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little, less. How they enjoy the scent! — see how busy they all are and how each in his turn prevails!

Huntsman! be quiet! Whilst the scent was good, you press'd on your hounds; it was well done: when they came to a check; you stood still, and interrupted them not: they were afterwards at fault; you made your cast with judgment, and lost no time.——You must now let them hunt;—with such a cold scent as this, you can do no good; they must do

do it all themſelves;—lift them now, and not a hound will ſtoop again.—Ha! a high road at ſuch a time as this, when the tendereſt noſed hound can hardly own the ſcent!—Another fault! That man at work then has headed back the fox.—Huntſman! caſt not your hounds now, you ſee they have over-run the ſcent: have a little patience, and let them, for once, try back.

We now muſt give them time:—ſee where they bend towards yonder furze brake—I wiſh he may have ſtopped there!——Mind that old hound, how he daſhes o'er the furze; I think he winds him;—Now for a freſh *entapis!*—Hark! they halloo!—Aye, there he goes.

It is nearly over with him; had the hounds caught view, he muſt have died.—He will hardly reach the cover;—ſee how they gain upon him at every ſtroke!—It is an admirable race! yet the cover ſaves him.

Now be quiet, and he cannot eſcape us; we have the wind of the hounds, and cannot be better placed:—how ſhort he runs!—he is now in the very ſtrongeſt part of the cover.—What a craſh! every hound is in, and every hound is running for him. That was a quick turn!—Again another—he's put to his laſt ſhifts.—Now *miſchief* is at his heels, and death is not far off.—Ha! they all ſtop at once;—all ſilent, and yet no earth is open. Liſten!——now they are at him again!—Did you hear that hound catch view? they over-ran the ſcent, and the fox had laid down behind them.—Now, Reynard, look to yourſelf! How quick they all give their tongues!——Little *Dreadnaught*, how he works him! the terriers too, they now are ſqueaking at him. How cloſe *Vengeance* purſues; how terrible ſhe preſſes! it is juſt up with him!——Gods! what a craſh they make; the whole wood reſounds!——That turn was very ſhort!—There!—now!—aye, now they have him! Who-hoop!

Anecdote of HERMINIO GRIMALDI.

HERMINIO Grimaldi, a Genoeſe, was the richeſt, and at the ſame time the moſt avaricious man of his time in Italy; he did not know what it was to do a kindneſs to his fellow citizens, nor be polite to ſtrangers. William Berſierri, a man of condition, who had heard of the humour of Grimaldi, went to ſee him one day, at a pretty houſe which he had lately built. After having ſeen the apartments, which were ornamented with curioſities, "Well," ſays the proprietor of it to him, "you who have ſo extended a knowledge, can you tell me any thing new which you have not ſeen here, and which I can cauſe to be made into a picture for this houſe." Berſierri, ſurpriſed at this queſtion, anſwered, he could give him the ſubject for an excellent picture, which ſhould repreſent a thing that was much wanting in his houſe, and which was never yet ſeen there. Being preſſed to tell the name of it, "I would adviſe you," ſaid he, "to make a painting of generoſity." Grimaldi ſtruck with the word, took his part immediately; "Yes, ſir," anſwered he, with a vivacity unuſual to him, "I will cauſe it to be repreſented in ſuch a manner, that nobody ſhall have to reproach me with not having known it."

From that moment he changed his conduct entirely; and made so splendid a use of his great riches, that they speak of nothing but the magnificence and liberality of GRIMALDI.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

GENTLEMEN,

THE following account of the BAYA, or Indian grofs beak, a bird although not fought after by the inhabitants of its country, as an object for the fportfman's amufement, is yet in my opinion, from its aftonifhing docility, as well as the numberlefs amufing tricks it is taught, worthy a place in your agreeable Mifcellany.

I am, &c.
A CONSTANT READER.

THIS little bird called *Bayà*, and by a number of other different names, by the inhabitants of India, is rather larger than a fparrow, with yellow brown plumage, a yellowifh head and feet, a light coloured breaft, and a conic beak, very thick in proportion to its body. This bird is exceedingly common in Hindoftan; he is aftonifhingly fenfible, faithful, and docile, never voluntarily deferting the place where his young were hatched, but not averfe, like moft birds, to the fociety of mankind, and eafily taught to perch on the hand of his mafter. In a ftate of nature, he generally builds his neft on the higheft tree that he can find, efpecially on the palmyra, or on the Indian fig tree, and he prefers that which happens to overhang a well, or a rivulet: he makes it of grafs, and he weaves it like cloth, and fhapes like a large bottle. fufpending it firmly on the branches, but fo as to rock with the wind, and placing it with its entrance downwards to fecure it from birds of prey. His neft ufually confifts of two or three chambers; and it is the popular belief that he lights them with fire flies, that he catches alive at night, and confines with moift clay. or with cow-dung; that fuch flies are often found in his neft, where pieces of cow-dung are alfo ftuck is indubitable; but as their light could be of little ufe to him, it feems probable that he only feeds on them. He may be taught with eafe to fetch a piece of paper, or any fmall thing that his mafter points out to him: it is an attefted fact, that if a ring be dropped in a deep well, and a fignal given him, he will fly down with amazing celerity, catch the ring before it touches the water, and bring it up to his mafter with apparent exultation. And it is confidently afferted, that if any houfe or place be fhewn to him once or twice, he will carry a note thither immediately on a proper fignal being made. One inftance of his docility can be mentioned with confidence, as the writer has often been an eye witnefs of it; the young Hindoo women at Banares, and in other places, wear very thin plates of gold called *ticas*, flightly fixed by way of ornament between their eyebrows, and when they pafs through the ftreets it is not uncommon for the youthful libertines, who amufe themfelves with training *bayàs*, to give them a fignal, which they underftand, and fend them to pluck the pieces of gold from the foreheads of their miftreffes, which they bring in triumph to the lovers. The *bayà* feeds naturally on grafs

hopper-

hoppers and other inſects, but will ſubſiſt, when tame, on pulſe macerated in water: his fleſh is warm and drying, and of eaſy digeſtion, and recommended in medical books, as a ſolvent of ſtone in the bladder or kidneys; but of that virtue there is no ſufficient proofs. The female lays many beautiful eggs, reſembling large pearls, the tranſparent and the flavour of them is exquiſitely delicate. When many *bayàs* are aſſembled on a high tree, they make a lively din, but it is rather chirping than ſinging; their want of muſical talents is, however, amply ſupplied, by their wonderful ſagacity, in which they are not excelled by any of the feathered inhabitants of the foreſt.

On DEER-STEALING.

FROM the two ingenious volumes publiſhed by Mr. Gilpin, entitled *Remarks on Foreſt Scenery*, &c. we are induced to ſelect the following ſtrictures on the peaſantry of foreſts, which undoubtedly ſhow the acuteneſs of his obſervations, and his knowledge of human nature in its lower claſſes.

After pointing out the advantages which the foreſt borderers might enjoy, were they ſo inclined, he accounts for their neglect of them by the inclination which prevails among them all for poaching and deer-ſtealing. "In poaching and deer-ſtealing (ſays he) they often find their beſt account, in all the arts of which many of them are well practiſed; from their earlieſt youth they learn to ſet the trap and the gin for hares and pheaſants; to enſnare deer, by hanging hooks baited with the boughs of trees; and (as they become bolder proficients) to watch the herd with fire arms, and ſingle out a fat buck, as he paſſes the place of their concealment.

"I had once ſome occaſional intercourſe with a foreſt borderer, who had formerly been a noted deer-ſtealer, he had often (like the deer-ſtealer in the play)

——————————ſtruck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's noſe.

Indeed, he had been at the head of his profeſſion, and during a reign of five years, aſſured me, he had killed on an average, not fewer than an hundred bucks a year. At length he was obliged to abſcond, but compoſing his affairs, he abjured his trade, and would ſpeak of his former arts without reſerve; he has oftener than once confeſſed the ſins of his youth to me, from which an idea may be formed of the myſtery of deer-ſtealing in its higheſt mode of perfection. In his excurſions in the foreſt, he carried with him a gun, which ſcrewed into three parts, and which he could eaſily conceal in the lining of his great coat. Thus armed, he would drink without ſuſpicion with the under keepers, and when he knew them engaged, would ſecurely take his ſtand in ſome diſtant part, and mark his buck, when he had killed him, he would draw him aſide in the buſhes, and ſpend the remaining part of the day in a neighbouring tree, that he might be ſure no ſpies were in the way, at night he ſecreted his plunder. He had boarded off a part of his cottage, (forming a rough door into it, like the reſt of the partition, ſtuck full of falſe nail heads) with ſuch artifice, that the keepers on an information, have ſearched his houſe again and again, and have gone off ſatisfied

of

of his innocence, though his secret larder, perhaps at that very time, contained a brace of bucks. He had always, he said, a quick market for his venison; for the country is as ready to purchase it, as these fellows are to procure it.

Mad Tom *and the* Soldier.

Penzance, Nov. 28.

A DROLL affair happened here last week. A soldier being very much in liquor, and very abusive withall, was taken up and put in the town prison pretty early in the evening, where he being unable to stand, laid down and presently fell fast asleep. An ideot, well known by the name of Crazy Tom, happening that evening to behave very ill, was late at night sent to the same prison. Tom, who is remarkable for always carrying a prayer-book under his arm, knew nothing of the soldier being there; he placed his prayer-book for a pillow, laid down and slept till the dawn of day, when rising and moving about, he happened to stumble upon the sleeping soldier, and fairly tumbled over him. Tom rising and discovering the soldier asleep, he said to himself, here is a dead corpse, but I will give it a Christian burial. He went, and just behind the prison door found a parcel of dirt, with which, filling his hat, then pulling off his coat and waistcoat, and drawing the flaps of his shirt from his breeches, now, says Tom, I am in my surplice, and with his prayer-book in his hand, walking towards the sleeping soldier, calls out, make room for the parson, then began distinctly to read the burial service; when he came to " earth to earth," Tom taking an handful of dirt, strewed it over the soldier, "ashes to ashes'" Tom strewed another handful, " dust to dust," Tom took up his hat, and threw the whole in the soldier's face, which waked him, and seeing and hearing Tom read, he really believed that they thought him dead, and were absolutely burying him.

The soldier immediately cried out, pray, reverend sir, don't bury me, I am not dead yet; you lie, says Tom! You are dead enough I warrant you, no living man could come through the key-hole nor the iron grates; there was nobody here but myself last night, and I found this dead corpse here this morning! Tom began to read on—Sir, said the soldier, I was put in here for being drunk, and am not dead, then, says Tom, you died while you were drunk, and have forgot it, that's all, but you must and shall have a Christian burial; with this, the soldier jumped up, which so frightened Tom, that he began to roar out, thieves! murder! fire! fire! The cry of fire alarmed the inhabitants, who, some dressed, and others almost naked, for it was still early, crouding about the prison, and the cry of fire being repeated by Tom, they called up the prison-keeper, who on unlocking the prison door, Tom sprung out in his shirt, and running down the street, informed the gaping multitude, that he had seen the devil in the prison, in the shape of a dead soldier.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

I BELIEVE it will be acknowledged by every one, that no animal is more afraid of another than

than a ſheep is of a dog; yet the following inſtance, which I am aſſured from good authority, happened not long ago, ſerves to ſhew the caſe may be eaſily reverſed.

A nobleman in Scotland, who kept a pack of hounds, happened to have about the houſe a tame ram lamb; when young, it was ſo pleaſing and innocent, that it was the favourite of every perſon; it uſed to range at large, to go into the ſtables, and among the hounds, all of which were taught to reſpect it. They thus became familiar with each other; *Willie*, ſo the pet ſheep was called, grew at length ſtrong, and ſomewhat unmanageable, it therefore became neceſſary to put him up in ſome place of confinement, when the ſervants were not at hand to protect ſtrangers, and the dog kennel was the readieſt place they could find, there of courſe he uſed to be ſhut up at night. In this ſituation he was quite at his eaſe; and whenever any of the dogs offended him, he naturally made a run at them, and gave them a blow that hurt them much. Feeling thus his own power, Mr. Willie aſſumed authority; and as he liked not to be diſturbed, when the dogs were ſnarling at each other, and making a noiſe, he uſed to riſe up, and make a race at them, ſtriking the firſt that came in his way with great force. This kind of diſcipline ſoon produced its natural effects; the offending dogs became afraid, as ſoon as this champion prepared himſelf for battle, ſo that in a ſhort time, he no ſooner roſe up, than quiet was reſtored to the kennel; every dog ſhrinking peaceably into his own place, without waiting for the blow.

Your's, &c.

A.

OURSELVES.

I Lay it down, Mr. Printer, as a maxim, that every man is pleaſed with himſelf, and ſees deformity and uglineſs only in others, who repay him the compliment in exactly the ſame coin. The tall men thank their ſtars that they are not ſhort, and likely to be loſt in a crowd.—The *ſhort men* are happy that they can eſcape many thumps on the head by entering doors of contracted dimenſions, and that they are in no danger of ſpoiling their head-dreſs by coming in contact with the roof of a coach. The *fat man* thinks there is ſomething jolly and ſleek, and *Corporation-like* in his frame; while the *living ſkeleton* would not carry about ſuch an unwieldy protuberance for the world. The *fat man* tells the thin one that he is a *walking-thread-paper*, a *ramrod* for a cannon, and may be blown away by the gentleſt zephyr. The *lean one* retorts that *Mr. Tunbelly* is a mere *animated hogſhead*, a *larder* well repleniſhed for the worms, and laughs to ſee with what difficulty he gets thro' a crowd, or clears the *poſteſſes* in the fields.

Ugly people are remarkably well pleaſed with themſelves. He that has a face that would be dangerous for a pregnant woman to look at, thanks God he is not marked with the ſmall pox. Another whoſe face is furrowed and marked like a *county map*, is exceedingly happy that he has not the noſe of ſuch a one, which is only fit to be the *index* of a *ſun-dial*. The *handſome man*, I need ſcarce remark, is wonderfully pleaſed with his fine form; while little *hump-back* and *bandy-legs* praiſes the Lord that he has eſcaped the imputation of being a fortune-hunter.

Young

Young and old are equally pleased. The *young* pride themselves in health, agility, activity, and all the pleasing hopes peculiar to that time of life. The gentleman who has passed his *grand climacteric*, bids every body remark how well he becomes his years; asks if they ever knew so healthy-looking an old man; and in all his stories, adds ten or a dozen years to his age. Before a certain time of life we wish to conceal our age. After sixty, we are fond of revealing it, and giving ourselves credit for a few more years. A maiden aunt of mine was so pleased at having survived the last great frost in her *sixty-fifth* year, that she has lived *fifteen years more* since; and if she escapes the present moist and foggy winter, intends next Spring, to make a dash at *ninety-seven*—and bids me attend to the circumstance in case I should survive her—but, between ourselves, Mr. Printer, I think it is a cursed sin to tell a lie upon the plate of a coffin. If she will oblige me by dying next year, and will be content with *seventy-two* or *three*, well and good—if not—I say no more.

Then, Sir, why all this grumbling and growling about our situations! Every man, I repeat it, is pleased with his own.—Nay we even glory in our *diseases*. No man but thinks his *gout* a more dignified and respectable disorder than the *rheumatism*; and the possessor of a *cough* is as well pleased as any man because it subjects him to a number of kind enquiries. I know two men who had the misfortune to dislocate each a shoulder; so far they are equal; but the dispute is which met with the accident in the most genteel way. The one fell from his horse while attempting to keep up with the Stag on the Easter-hunt.—The other received a blow from a Cheshire cheese, weighing fifty pounds, which a cheese-monger's servant was tossing from the cart into the shop. The former of course insists upon the dignity of his fall and very properly thinks that it is beneath a man of courage to die by a cheese.

I shall conclude with a short story. A *Highwayman* and a *Chimney-sweep* were going to be hanged at the same time; when they came to the place of execution, the highwayman pushed poor *Sooterkin* out of the way, and bid him keep his distance. *Sooterkin*, with proper spirit, replied — "D—me, if I do — I have as *good a right* to be here as you."

I am, Sir,
SELF-SATISFIED.

Various OPINIONS *upon the* ORIGIN *of the* GAME *of* CHESS.

THE game of Chess has been held in such universal esteem, that it has engaged the thoughts of the learned to trace its origin. One has maintained that it originated from *Ascoches*, famous robbers among the Turks: Father Surmond seems to give some countenance to this opinion, when he asserts that its name is derived from the German *schache*, which signifies theft: Fabricus is of opinion, that the name is derived from the Hebrew *schach*, which signifies to draw lines of circumvallation, or fortify. Fabricus says it was invented by one Schatrensca, a celebrated Persian astronomer, who gave it his own name, which it still bears in Persia: Nicod derives it from *scheque* or *xeque*, a moorish word, which signifies lord, king, and prince. Bochart, judiciously, observes, *schac*

ſchah is originally a Perſian word, and that ſchachmat in that language, ſignifies the king is dead. The opinion of Nicod and Bochart appear moſt probable, and has met with no ſmall ſupport, from the poſthumous works of the late Hyde, publiſhed by Dr. Gregory Sharp, &c. Some authors have written, that Palamedes invented cheſs to prevent the Grecians being tired of themſelves during the ſiege of Troy. Others ſay it was invented by two Grecian brothers, named Lydo and Tyrrheno, who, being afflicted with great hunger, in order not to feel it ſo much, paſſed their time in playing at this game. A Spaniſh author, who treated on this game in 1591, ſays, Xerxes was the inventor of cheſs, in the city of Babylon, whilſt Amilone reigned there, which was 3400 years after the creation, 560 years before Chriſt, and 600 years after the foundation of Rome. Our Denham, ſpeaking of the game of cheſs, ſays,

> This game the Perſian magi did invent,
> The force of eaſtern wiſdom to expreſs;
> From thence the ſame to buſy Europe ſent,
> The modern Lombards ſtil'd it penſive cheſs.

Wharton, in his Eſſay on Pope, ſays, " The game of cheſs, that admirable effort of the human mind, was by them (i. e. the Saracens) invented." Mr. Twiſs, the lateſt author who treated of this game, and who has been laborious in his reſearches, ſays, " The game of cheſs is generally ſuppoſed to have been invented in India, in the ſixth century: the Perſians taught it to the Arabians, who introduced it into Spain, and it was brought into England during the reign of William the Conqueror."

However, its antiquity is not more venerable, than its practice is univerſal; ſcarce a nation in the world is a ſtranger to it, and ſome of the moſt eminent men of every age and country have devoted their time and attention to it, of which hiſtory furniſhes many memorable inſtances. And as they may afford entertainment to the numerous readers of your uſeful and entertaining Magazine, ſome ſhall be ſelected for the next number, by

Your conſtant correſpondent,
I. I. B.

The Duke *of* Hamilton's Double.

Extract of a letter from Edinburgh.

" An odd circumſtance has happened in the woods at Hamilton. A man, who is ſaid to be as much like the Duke as one tennis ball is to another, has been a week or two in that part of the country. It ſeems to have been his pleaſure to wander about the grounds to ſcare the ſervants. They all firſt took him for the Duke's *wraithe*, or ſhadow, which is ſaid to appear before death. He one day entered the ſtables, and a groom, who knew his maſter was abſent, fell into fits,—Thoſe who ridicule the ſtory, ſay, that a horſe of the Duke's took fright at his appearance and galloped to Glaſgow without ſtopping. This perſon was laſt year in London, and a number of good ſtories have reached us, of the merry miſtakes which happened there in conſequence—One of which was, that a Lady, who expected his Grace to ſupper, entertained him very affectionately, and that when the real Amphitrion appeared he was chidden from the door."

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

IF you think the following worthy insertion, you will oblige

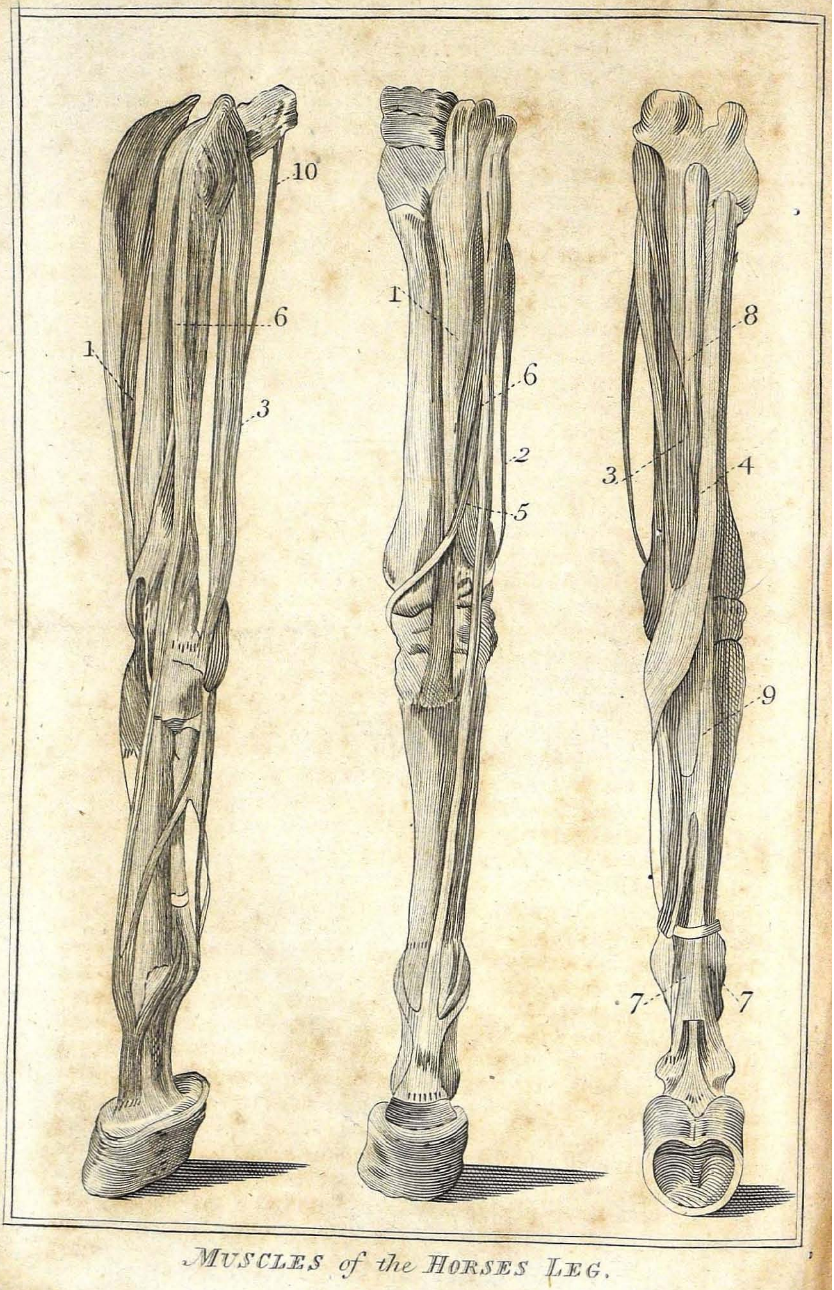
A Constant Reader.

An Account of the Winners *of the* King's Plate *of* 100gs *each, always run for at* Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, *by* 5 *year old Horses, &c. carrying* 10st.—*Three-mile heats.*

Year.	Month.	Owner's Names.	Horse's Names and Colour.	Who got by.	No. Heats
1753	June 25	Mr. Bowes	b. h. Cato	Regulus	3 heats
1754	June 24	Sir W. Middleton	b h. Whistlejacket	Mogul	2 heats
1755	June 23	Mr. R. Shaftoe	gr. h. Snip	Snip	wa. ov.
1756	June 21	Mr. Scurfield	gr. h. Dunkirk	Regulus	4 heats
1757	June 20	Mr. Holmes	gr. h. Wildair	Old Starling	3 heats
1758	June 19	Mr. Fermer	br. h. Y. Traveller	Old Traveller	2 heats
1759	June 25	Mr. Swinburn	b. h. Belford	Old Cade	2 heats
1760	June 23	Lady Northumb.	b. h. Celadine	Old Cade	2 heats
1761	June 22	Mr. Pierson	ch. m. Flashing Molly	Oroonoko	2 heats
1762	June 21	Mr. Smith	ch. h. Julius Cæsar	Young Cade	2 heats
1763	June 20	Sir W. Dalston	b. h. Bachelor	Young Cade	3 heats
1764	June 26	Mr. Fenwick	b. h. Shuttle	Young Cade	2 heats
1765	June 25	Mr. Coulson	b. h. Royal George	Young Cade	2 heats
1766	June 24	Mr. Fenwick	b. h. Dux	Matchem	2 heats
1767	June 23	Mr. Vever	ch. h. Morwick Ball	Regulus	2 heats
1768	June 21	Mr. Pratt	ch. m. Alacrecque	Regulus	2 heats
1769	June 19	Mr. Atkinson	g. m. Dulcinia	Whistlejacket	3 heats
1770	June 25	Mr. Coates	ch. m. Melpomene	Alcides	2 heats
1771	June 25	Hon. I. S. Barry	b. h. Amaranthus	Old England	2 heats
1772	June 23	Mr. Stapleton	b. h. Presumption	Jalap	2 heats
1773	June 22	Mr. Hartley	ch. h. Touzer	Alcides	2 heats
1774	June 21	Sir L. Dundass	b. h. Bay Richmond	Feather	2 heats
1775	June 19	Sir I. L. Kaye	br. h. Fire Worker	Engineer	2 heats
1776	June 24	Mr. Bethell	ch. h. Infidel	Turk	2 heats
1777	June 23	Sir J. Pennyman	b. h. Venetian	Doge	3 heats
1778	June 22	Mr. Creswell	gr. h. Icelander	Morwick Ball	2 heats
1779	June 21	Mr. Coates	b. h. Orpheus	Le Sang	2 heats
1780	June 19	Mr. Burdon	b. m. Duchess	Le Sang	wa. ov.
1781	June 18	Mr. Emmerson	b. g. Wonderful	You. Matchem	4 heats
1782	June 24	Mr. Fenwick	ch. h. Any Body	Matchem	3 heats
1783	June 24	Mr. Stapleton	ch. h. Petrarch	Matchem	2 heats
1784	June 21	Mr. Joliff	ch. h. Monk	King Herod	2 heats
1785	June 21	Ld A. Hamilton	br. h. Alexander	Mungo	3 heats
1786	June 20	Sir W. Vavasour	b. h. Mark	Mark Anthony	4 heats
1787	June 19	Sir John Webb	gr. h. Slope	Highflyer	2 heats
1788	June 24	D. of Hamilton	b. h. Paragon	Paymaster	2 heats
1789	June 23	Mr. Baker	ch. h. Cavendish	Y. Morwick	2 heats
1790	June 22	Ld Lauderdale	bl. h. Scorpion	Ilmio	3 heats
1791	June 21	Sir C. Turner	b. h. Weathercock	Ruler	2 heats
1792	June 19	Col. Radcliff	ch. h. Ploughboy	Y. Morwick	3 heats
1793	June 25	Mr. Baird	ch. h. Sans Culotte	Young Marsk	3 heats
1794	June 23	Mr. Cornforth	b. h. Anteus	Phlegon	4 heats

N. B. In 1753, Mr. Bowes presented the plate to the mayor of Newcastle, for the use of the Corporation; the novelty of seeing the *King's* plate run for (being the first at that place) occasioned, as it was then computed, 50,000 persons to be on the Course.

To



MUSCLES of the HORSES LEG.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

Stockport, Dec. 15*th.*

MY father is a true sportsman; one, I mean, who doats on the pursuit of game, but is totally indifferent to it when possessed: the first friend that he meets generally reaps the fruit of his labour. Having been led one day farther than he intended, by the wildness and continual evolutions of the covey he was pursuing, night surprized him. Being unwilling to return through the length of way which was necessary, if he should take the proper road, he chose to cut off a part by taking almost a trackless route through the fields. This road he had travelled, but not for many years; he kept, therefore, in the tract he had formerly known; it was by the side of the dangerous Mersey, whose waves had in one place undermined it, washed away the solid parts, and left the turf only remaining, above twenty yards from the surface of the water.

When he came to this place, it sunk with his pressure, and he had inevitably perished, had not his gun, which he carried under his arm, caught two trees that had inclined, but not totally yielded to the waves. Even still must he have remained in this situation, or, when unable to endure it, must certainly have fallen into the river, had not one of his faithful dogs rescued him. Had he moved, his gun would have lost its hold. He was uncertain what to do. The grateful animal looked round in seeming despair, whined, and gazed full at him; and at length, with all the firmness that a friend is capable of displaying for his benefactor, seized him by the collar, and absolutely drew him from his precarious suspension. my father, when delivered, lay on the ground for some time thunderstruck, and motionless. The poor animal watched him with all apparent solicitude; but, when he perceived him rise, it is impossible to express how he bounded round the field, leaped up as high as his head, bounded again and used every gesticulation to manifest his unbounded joy. This is, I think, beyond any thing that has ever been made public concerning this wise domestic animal. For this, gentlemen, shall I ever pour out my thanksgivings to that power, who made this poor dog the instrument of liberating from immature death a most indulgent father, a most tender husband, an unshaken friend, and a truly honest man. It is designed that there be a stone erected to the memory of this grateful dog, at the place where he saved his master's life.

Your's, &c. O.

MUSCLES *of the* HORSE'S LEG.

THAT it may not be construed by any of our friends, into a want of attention on our part, the omission of the descriptive account of the *muscles of the horse's leg* (which the annexed engraving is intended to depict) in our present number we beg leave to say, that on account of the considerable portion of room which the *Treatise on Farriery* occupies, we thought it would be more agreeable to the generality of our readers that it might appear in our next. We beg leave further to observe, that the present plate is the last we intend giving on the subject; and to assure our subscribers no

other *designs*, equally calculated for ornament and utility, are in the hands of our engraver, and will be produced with all possible expedition.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IT does not altogether appear to me that the following relation of *instinctive affection* in birds, comes within the limits of your plan, yet I am induced to send it you, conceiving that it will afford entertainment to your readers.

C.

Birmingham,
Dec. 11, 1794.

MY admiration is never excited in a more lively manner than when I contemplate the natural affection of the irrational creation. It is, I think to be placed among the first of the incomprehensible works of the Lord of the Universe. Few parents, I am afraid, bear such an ardent love to their offspring. The most timid become bold and courageous in defence of their young. I myself, for touching a young rabbit, have received a most savage bite from the old female. And no one can be ignorant of the resolute and daring behaviour of the domestic hen, when any thing approaches her little chirping brood. Though naturally timorous and knowing nothing but flight, before she becomes a parent; yet, when that period arrives, she despises every danger, and with the most intrepid boldness, attacks the sturdiest dog in defence of her helpless family. But neither these, nor any other instances which I have either read or heard of will bear comparison with a very recent one in this town. As I was walking carelessly some evenings ago, through the street, a young sparrow, desirous, I suppose, of winging the air before it was perfectly fledged, dropped just before me. When I saw its situation, I gathered and carried it to a little boy in a shop hard by, who gladly accepted of it as a *brown linnet.* He hung it in the shop, (the door of which was constantly open); and, the ensuing morning, when the little one was *distending its melodious throat*, was surprized by seeing another bird enter, and fix upon the cage. Nothing frighted it; it would not be driven away. At last he got up to it, and put it to the nestling. This was the mother.—The cock the day after made his appearance in the same manner, hovered for a while around the cage, and at length fixed on it as his partner had done before. They are kept together, and looked upon as a very rare curiosity. Many go to see them and the story of them is related with wonder and astonishment in every company. When I think of this circumstance, I am ready to cry out with Sterne, " Shame on the world, if we but loved one another as these poor birds loved their young, it would be something." But what parents, let me ask, to solace the affliction of their child, would obstinately determine to endure the pinching wants and sorrows of a gloomy prison? Such conduct were not to be wished. But, instances like this, manifestly shew, that we are far more *selfish* than these poor feeble creatures.

Fox

Fox *and* Greyhounds.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

DESIROUS of ſeeing every thing that has any relation to ſporting, recorded in your entertaining miſcellany. I ſend you the following, which you may depend on is a fact, as I was myſelf an eye-witneſs of it.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your conſtant reader,
W. W.

Worceſter,
Dec. 5, 1794.

ON Friday, Nov. 20. A gentleman in going out a courſing, and riding acroſs a field of turnips, with a brace of greyhounds, was ſurprized by his dogs breaking from him, at a ſmall diſtance on view of a fox, which they purſued for upwards of a mile and a half, when the fox leaping into a ſtone quarry about twenty feet deep, poor reynard broke his thigh in the fall, and was taken and killed by the grey hounds, who leaped after him and were ſo much bruiſed by the fall, as to be rendered incapable of running again this ſeaſon.

How to travel Cheap and Genteely.

A FEW days ſince a man who called himſelf Lord Carr, and a relation to the Duke of Richmond, hired a horſe at Portſmouth, to go to Fareham. This ſprig of Ariſtocracy however changed his mind, and directed his courſe towards Chicheſter, putting up at the Dolphin Inn in that city. After running up a ſcore of ſeventeen ſhillings, he walks to the Swan, where he learnt that *he had made a miſtake*, the latter being the houſe frequented by *his Noble Relative*. From thence he ſends for his horſe, deſiring the perſon who fetched him to pay his bill. At the Swan his reckoning amounted to about the ſame as that at the Dolphin. He then removes to the Unicorn, and plays over exactly the old game, becoming debtor to mine hoſt, about two guineas and a half. Leaving his beaſt at this houſe, he lounges to the Fleece, and takes a dinner in the company of ſome ſtrangers: for this he does not pay; but returning to the Unicorn, mounts his horſe in the morning, *juſt to ride over to the Duke's, at Goodwood* (only four miles diſtant) *and back to dinner*. In his way to Goodwood, he calls at the Swan at Hampnet, and drinks three glaſſes of grog with the landlord, ſitting on horſeback at the door; while the fourth is making, he rides off, and at the eagle at Midhurſt, leaves his horſe, and takes a poſt-chaiſe and four, *being haſtily called to London in conſequence of the illneſs of her Grace:* he contrives to borrow, to anſwer the immediate purpoſes of the road *(having only valuable papers about him)* four guineas. The chaiſe, preſent to the boys, &c. he places alſo to account. At Haſlemere he takes another chaiſe and four; borrows ten pounds; and in this way it is ſuppoſed he reached London.—He has not yet been traced out.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine,

Gentlemen,

SOME years ago I was in company with a Glouceſterſhire clergyman, chaplain to a well-known fox-hunting peer, who was a man of plain common ſenſe, and did his parochial duty unblameably; but his natural capacity

and mode of education did not extend far. He was equally distant from the refinement of the world, as from the acquired vices of it. His knowledge of music ended at the sharp tongue of Rockwood, and the shrill tally-ho! of Dick Catch'em. His diletante-knowledge of painting terminated (from the *lion and unicorn* in his church, and the *horse and groom* alehouse in the village) at the sign of the *Blue Boar* in Holborn; and the metre of Sternhold was to him the chef d'œuvre of the muses. The conversation turned on the painters antiquity. The technical expressions *costume*, *distance*, *keeping*, *chiaro ascuro*, often occurred; to which he could not add a remark, till one gentleman observed to Mr. S———p, (a well-informed young man of fashion, lately returned from his travels) how fine a picture was his *Jupiter and Leda* by Corregio; when my clerical friend, with sparkling eyes, expressive of his joy that he could join in the conversation, hearing Jupiter and Leader mentioned, turned to Mr. S———p, "two of your father's fox-hounds, sir, I presume."

Kingstanley, CASSIATORE.
Nov. 20th, 1794.

Extraordinary FOX CHACE, *run in Yorkshire, on the 1st of December* 1775.

THE hounds of the late Sir Charles Turner, Bart. of Birkleatham, hunted at Aureyholm woods near Haworth, and found the noted old fox Cæsar, who made an extraordinary chace after a round of 4 miles, he led to Smeaton, through Hornby and Appleton, then back again to Hornby, Worsell Moore, Piersburgh, Limpton Craythorn, Middleton, Hilton, Seamer Cases, Newby, Marton, Ormsby, then upon Hambleton, through Kirkleatham Park, Upleatham, Skelton, Kilton. Sir Charles Turner tired 3 horses, Robert Colling, Esq. of Haworth, was the last and only horseman who called off the hounds that started, when they first found the fox; near 5 o'clock in the afternoon there was only 3 hounds in pursuit, one of which was bred in the month of January before. Sir Charles, after the chase, invited the gentlemen present to his house at Kirkleatham, where they were most hospitably entertained; the chace was upwards of 50 miles.

The same gentleman made a match with the Earl of March, for 4000 guineas a-side, to be performed on the Fell near Richmond Yorkshire, in the year 1753.

The conditions of the match was, that Sir Charles Turner should ride ten miles within the hour, in which he was to take 30 leaps, each leap to be one yard one quarter, and seven inches high. Sir Charles performed it upon a galloway, to the astonishment of every person present, in 46 minutes and 59 seconds.

AQUATIC SPORTING, *terminating in a* LAW SUIT, *tried before* LORD KENYON, *Tuesday, Dec. 2d*, 1794.

FISHER *against* BISHOP *and others.*

MR. Mingay stated, that this was an action of assault and battery, brought by the plaintiff, William Fisher, to recover a satisfaction in damages of the defendants, for a very serious injury, which he had received. On the 23d of June last, at Chiswick,

wick, a number of boats ſailed on the river Thames, for a prize cup, and, among others, the plaintiff ran two heats, but loſt it. After the race was over, he and some others were ſailing up and down the river in his cutter, when they were met by another cutter, in which the defendants were. The names of the defendants were, Joſeph Biſhop, Charles Lock, William Bromel, and Edward Bromel, Eſqrs. and his Grace the Duke of Mancheſter. There were alſo ſome ladies in the duke's barge. According to the evidence on the part of the plaintiff, an altercation took place, in conſequence of ſome words that came from the duke's cutter, and which was ſuppoſed to be uttered by Mr. Biſhop. The two boats having got very near each other, Mr. Biſhop jumped into Fiſher's boat, and knocked him down, after giving him two or three blows, which produced a quantity of blood. Mr. W. Bromel alſo ſtruck Fiſher in his own boat, and Mr. Lock having alſo jumped into it, ſtood in a threatning poſture, with a ſtretcher in his hand. The duke remained in his own boat.

It was alſo in evidence, that Fiſher was beat and bruiſed very much, and that his face was black and ſwelled. He was alſo obliged to give up his work for 11 days.

After Mr. Garrow had been heard for the defendants, Lord Kenyon ſaid, he did not by any means juſtify what had been ſaid on this occaſion. He was very ſorry this affray had produced no fewer than three actions. He was ſorry this cauſe had been conducted by the plaintiff in the manner in which it had. It had been conducted in a way which had always been condemned by judges. Many had been included in the charge, whoſe guilt had not been brought home, and againſt whom there was no evidence, in order to deprive the real defendants of the benefit of their teſtimony.

The jury found a verdict of 15l, in favour of the plaintiff againſt J. Biſhop, C. Lock, and W. Bromel.

A ſecond action was brought againſt the ſame defendants by Thomas Fiſher, brother to the plaintiff in the laſt action. He ſaw his brother ill uſed, and came up and remonſtrated with the defendants on the impropriety of their conduct. They were charged with having beaten him alſo, and it was to recover a compenſation in damages for that injury, this action was brought.

The jury found a verdict of 1s. in favour of the plaintiff againſt Mr. Lock and Mr. W. Bromel.

In the third action John Fiſher, another brother, was the plaintiff againſt the ſame defendants, for an aſſault, when he too came up to aſſiſt his brother.

The jury found a verdict of 5l. in favour of the plaintiff againſt Edward Bromel.

A LAW CASE *againſt* SPORTING *in the* LOTTERY.

IN the Court of King's Bench, Dublin, on Thurſday, Dec. 3, was tried a cauſe Finlayſon againſt Andrews. The defendant is a lottery-office-keeper, who having inſured a certain number to the plaintiff, and being hit (as the phraſe is) for 40 guineas, paid half of that ſum in money, and the reſt by a draught on the bank. On enquiry, he diſcovered that the number had been drawn very early in the day; this excited his ſuſpicion; he ſtopped payment at the

the bank. The plaintiff brought an action for the amount of the draft, and though the note was proved to have been passed for an illegal consideration, the Jury who tried the cause found a verdict for the plaintiff, with 20 guineas damages. This day the court was moved to set aside that verdict, which they did unanimously. They wished, they said, to shew the public, that lottery-office-keepers were not bound to pay any money upon insurances, in hopes that the want of security and confidence which this would create, might operate to prevent that destructive and abominable practice, which the law had positively but ineffectually, prohibited.

A Wager *decided by an* Action *tried in the* Court *of* Common Pleas, Michaelmas Term, 1794.

Ayres *versus* Turner.

THIS was an action to recover from the defendant, as the stakeholder, the sum of twenty pounds, upon a wager laid between the plaintiff and a person of the name of John Knight.

It appeared that a quarrel had taken place between two persons of the names of Miller and Harris, respecting a lady of the *cyprian corps*. This quarrel produced a challenge, which was sent by the former to the latter. The plaintiff betted Knight the sum of 20l. that Harris would not accept the challenge. This turned out to be the case.

The counsel for the defendant reprobated this action in strong terms, and contended, that the plaintiff ought to be immediately nonsuited, inasmuch as the wager was founded upon a breach of the public peace, and therefore illegal.

The learned judge intimated, that it would be a wise measure in the legislature to declare all wagers illegal; but as the law stood at present, such only were so, that had a tendency to a breach of the public peace, to immortality; the injury of a third party, or that related to the public revenue, &c.

The plaintiff was nonsuited.

Decision *respecting* Money *lost at* Cards.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Bulling *v.* Frost.

MR. Garrow stated, that this action was brought to recover a small demand of 3l. which had been lost at cards. Any sum fairly won at gaming, below 10l. was recoverable by law. Besides that 3l. the defendant had lost a guinea, to another man, by betting. As he had not money to pay it, the plaintiff paid it for him; consequently, the plaintiff's demand was in all 4l.

John Wilson, the first witness called on the part of the plaintiff, said he knew the parties. The plaintiff was a custom-house officer, and won this money near two years ago. He believed it was Frost who first proposed to play at cards. He saw Frost lose near 3l. He lost, by betting with him, 2l. 14s. but he promised to let him off for a guinea; Frost could not pay that guinea; and the plaintiff paid it for him. Wilson, on cross-examinition, said, he was a lighterman. Mr. Frost was sober at the time he lost

loſt that money; and no unfair advantage was taken of him.

Thomas Sinclair, who keeps a public houſe, and in whoſe houſe this money was loſt, ſaid that he was preſent part of the time when the parties were playing at cards, that they had left off playing; and that Froſt propoſed to play again. He himſelf took the cards out of a corner cupboard. The witneſs took the cards away, when he ſaw them beginning to play tricks.

In the courſe of this publican's examination Lord Kenyon ſaid, he hoped Sinclair was not in the habit of playing at cards, or of permitting others to play at his houſe. His lordſhip did not know that they ought to preſs him in his examination, as he was ſubject to penalties.

His lordſhip ſaid, that was the firſt cauſe he ever heard for money won at play; but if it was fairly won, as it did not amount to 10l. the action would lie. His lordſhip informed this publican, that if he had found he had ſuffered that practice at his houſe without diſcouraging it, he ſhould have given notice to the Juſtices, who would have taken away his licence; and he ſhould alſo have ordered his recognizance to be put in ſuit. His lordſhip humanely recommended it to him to beware of ſuch a practice in future.

Mr. Erſkine, as Counſel for the defendant, obſerved, that it was much to be lamented that the the time of the Court ſhould be occupied with tranſactions of that ſort. And if they conſidered what was the true cauſe of the many robberies and other violations of property that rendered human life inſecure, even in this country, protected by ſuch excellent laws as we poſſeſs, it might be traced in many inſtances to that ſource. He lamented that his lordſhip muſt admit, that if this money, was fairly loſt, it might be recovered in a point of law. In a tranſaction of that nature, as well as in every other legal tranſaction, the Jury would do what was juſt. But it would not be thought he went too far, when he aſked of them to look at that tranſaction with eagle's eyes. He had no inclination to bring the publican into any ſcrape as he might have a wife and family to ſupport. He admitted, that unleſs he could ſhake the evidence of Wilſon, he could not aſk them for their verdict. A witneſs of the name of Dalton was to have contradicted him; but the defendant's attorney ſaid he was ill, and could not attend, and therefore the Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff for 4l. 1s.

Crim. Con.

Court *of* King's Bench.

Briscoe, Esq. *v.* Gordon.

THIS action was brought for criminal converſation with the plaintiff's wife.

The plaintiff and defendant are perſons of great fortune and high connection. The former being allied to the Duke of Somerſet, the latter being a perſon of very large property in the Weſt Indies. The plaintiff's wife was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hope, of Derbyſhire. They were married on the 22d of May, 1786, and the fruit of the marriage was a daughter, now ſeven years of age.

It appeared in the courſe of the trial, that the plaintiff and his wife lived ſome time after marriage in Derbyſhire, where the

plaintiff being fond of the privacy of a country life, indulged only in the sports of the field, and cultivated domestic happiness. That some time ago he took a house in Kent, where he followed the same plan of life. That some time in the course of the last summer, the defendant's country house being within six miles of the plaintiff's, they became acquainted through the medium of Mr. Lee, a Jamaica merchant, whose town-house is in Bedford Square; that in consequence of this introduction, the parties exchanged visits, in the course of which the unfortunate intercourse, which was the subject of the action, arose.

The plaintiff, as appeared by those who had the best means of being acquainted with his character, was a kind, affectionate, and indulgent husband, and the married pair was supposed to have been happy, until the time of the seduction of the plaintiff's wife, who eloped with the defendant from her husband's house in Kent, to the defendant's house in town in October last, and they have continued to live together since.

Several of the plaintiff's servants, who overheard the conversation between the defendant and the plaintiff's wife, on the afternoon before the elopement, and who saw them through the parlour window, proved that the lady cried bitterly, and expressed great difficulties in leaving her child, but that the defendant expressed eagerness for her, gave her a good deal of wine, and wanted one of her maids to supply him with laudanum, who said she had nothing but hartshorn, &c. The plaintiff that day was gone to London.

On the part of the defendant, the adultery was not denied; but the defence was, that the plaintiff had not been so careful of his wife, as in these gay and dissipated times, are said to be necessary on the part of those gentlemen who are determined to secure their honour, by securing the virtue of their wives.

For this purpose Mr. Lee was called, who underwent a long examination; but after the whole of his testimony was given, Lord Kenyon considered his evidence as of no effect.

The Jury retired for a few minutes, and gave in their verdict for the plaintiff, damages 5000l.

DUKE *de* AREMBERG'S *establishment for the* CHACE; *From a journey, in the year* 1793, *through* FLANDERS, BRABANT, *and* GERMANY, *by* C. ESTE, *just published.*

OUR lively friend, we found, had been no slight traveller. And was then on route, as we understood, to mix in the hunting parties of the English Viscount B——, in the electorate of Cologne and Westphalia.

He had been also at the Duc d'Aremberg's establishment for the chace, in the neighbourhood of Louvain. This, he described as being very ample still— 100 dogs,— 200 horses — with keepers, riders, &c. &c. in proportion.—Stags and foxes were the usual hunt. But now and then, more ambitious, a wolf and a boar.

The chief misfortune in Duke d'Aremberg's life, the loss of sight, is well known. — It was thus in a shooting party, that the sad accident befel him. The

party

party with him, were his father, and our former engaging ambaſſador at Bruxelles, Sir William G——. They ground they that day meant to go over, they divided, as uſual abroad, into equal parts, each perſon going on in an appointed direction, and knocking down all before him. Sir William and the father advanced through the woods with more ſpeed than was expected. The ſon advanced with leſs ſpeed. He was by ſome accident delayed. Embarraſſed and deviating from his direct line. As he was thus puſhing on, as well as he could, thro' a very cloſe and dark thicket, the ruſtling, moſt unfortunately, came to the old Duke's ears as the approach of ſome *groſs gibier*, as it is called, ſome piece of large game. And with the ſudden heat of a keen ſportſman, he urged Sir William, who was next the place, to fire.—Sir William, alas! did ſo. And the loading luckily not a bullet, lodged in the young Duke's eyes! A diſaſter, like this, happening to a ſon, on the importunity of the father, and by the hand of a friend, made up an enormous maſs of hideous woe, at firſt hardly to be borne! And ſuch are mere corporeal ills, and ſpecifically ſo light, when compared with ills upon the mind, that the loſs of eyes, though ſo grievous in the extreme, ſeemed the leaſt ſore predicament of the three! literally, leſs dire than the agonizing thoughts of thoſe who had, though unintendingly, inflicted agony upon another.—Time too, the chief aſſuager of all harms, ſeemed likely to be more active for the former than for the latter. Be it as it may, the Duke, then young, bore his calamity like a man; who, in the perfection of moral thought and action, derives his principles from the beſt appointed ſource.

Indeed, privation of this ſenſe ſeems, with much leſs effort of moral energy, ſupportable more readily than in another. For ſocial comforts, the ſtrongeſt ſtay of man, come through hearing more potently, than through ſight. And even for mere ſelf-preſervation in the abſtract, converſation, preferably to all that books can do, offers aid much more conſtant and complete.—It is eaſier alſo to find ſubſtitutes for viſion. Memory and the other powers, all proportionably more alive and active are found to join their forces, and among them to do what is wanted, aſtoniſhingly well. And above all, the blind, free from dejection, the ſymptomatic torture of the deaf, the blind generally have gay ſpirits, which never fail. All this has been, very cheeringly, ſeen in recent well-known inſtances. In a late prime miniſter's undiminiſhed flow of talk—in Mr. Stanley the muſician: who with memory admirably apt, even beyond his art, uſed to play well at whiſt, and carry his viſitors about the prettieſt points of ſcenery, near his villa on Epping Foreſt—and again in Duc d'Aremberg, who, like our young Lord D. ſtill has got on horſeback, and with a long leading-rein, has even followed the chace.

As to the chace, thus incidently mentioned, it is but fair to ſay, that it does not here, as in ſome other parts of Europe, offer the ſame violence to juſt and civilized feelings.—The chace is open. Each owner or tenant may do what he will with game, as with any other vermin, or good produce upon the land!—Nonſenſical violence there is none, like *droits de chaſſe*, thwarting nature, and

and perverting justice—with resentments beyond all possible provocation, straining right into wrong, and to objects so insignificant as a hare and partridge, sacrificing that most solemn trust, the life and liberty of man!

Abominations, such as these, ended through France, with the Revolution!—

Italy also, through decency, or through prudence, has already vouchsafed to amend in this point of duty, lessened by the near amendment of their neighbours. The farmer may be at length allowed to reap freely where he may have sowed—and if invaded by the boars and foxes, he may now rid himself of his invaders—"To give the devil his due," said one of the most enlightened noblemen in Italy—"To give "the devil his due, we do owe "this change to the great changes in France!—Till then there "was less danger of human punishment in Italy from a farmer murdering a man, than if "he armed his hands to get rid "of a wild boar!!!"

The Game establishment *at* Chantilli.

Such misdeeds, enormous transgressions of what is human and divine, were perpetrated formerly in France by every puny monster with a lordship or a manor! But the tyranny was perhaps no where so outrageous, as in the systematic wrongs of the H—— of Condé.

The game establishment at Chantilli, has at different times, condemned, terrible to tell, near a thousand men to the gallies! Many hundred peasants it is now well known, fell murdered by their keepers! Literally hunted down and shot! And the bodies of the dead thrown into the next ditch, or hid under a little mould, grubbed up in the park!—Such were the abuses, when each power and privilege of man, were superseded and overborn by the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and by—vermin the most vile—as those who could execute the extremity of tyrannical abuses for a trifle, so insignificant as a chace! abuses which now, thank God, are no more—but which only a short interval past, really raged, with no hope but in the melancholy virtues, to yield any thing like refuge or mitigation.

Apart from this, which properly moving to indignation every just and virtuous man, should have had a chapter in Beccaria, the recollection of Chantilli may not be inaceptable.—For Chantilli was the most extraordinary establishment of the kind in Europe!

The following long lists were copied from the household registers there!—And, what seems unaccountable, they never were printed before—not even in France!——The copy was taken in the year 1788, and the gentleman who kindly assisted me in transcribing it, is of all cotemporary men but Doctor D—— most fit to perpetuate by an ode, the vicissitudes so extraordinary in the place. This statement, as an object, in natural history, is no small curiosity! And as such, it is philosophically interesting!—But it interests much more and edifies, when referred to a political consideration. The necessity which urged for French reform in that department of life; and the rational approbation wherever

wherever reform can be wholesomely effected.

THE FIRST LIST.

States the total gross numbers of game killed at Chantilli, year by year, through a series of 32 years beginning with the year 1748—ending with the year 1779.

FIRST OF THE GAME.

54878	33035	26371
37160	50812	19774
53712	40234	19932
39892	26267	27164
32470	25953	30429
39893	37209	30859
32470	42902	25813
16186	31620	50666
24029	25995	13304
27013	18479	17566
26405	18550	

BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Their bill of mortality.—The numbers in detail of each, specific description, thus registered, to have been killed at Chantilli, in the above-mentioned series of years.

Hares	77750
Rabbets	587470
Partridges	117574
Red, ditto	12426
Pheasants	86193
Quails	19696
Ralles (the male quail)	449
Woodcocks	2164
Snipes	2856
Ducks	1353
Wood pigeons	317
Lapwings	720
Becfique (small bird like our Wheatear)	67
Curlews	32
Oyes d'Egypte	3
Oyes Sauvage	14
Bustards	2
Larks	106
Tudelles	3
Fox	1
Crapeaux	8
Thrushes	1313
Guynard	4
Stags	1682
Hinds	1682
Fawns	519
Does	1921
Young Does	135
Roe Bucks	4669
Young ditto	810
Wild Boars	1942
Marcassins (young Boars)	818

GAME KILLED IN ONE YEAR.

By	Pieces of Game
M. de Cayla	460
M. de Canillac	953
Comte d'Artois	553
Duc de Bourbon	403
Duc d'Enghein	9
Prince d'Henin	170
Duc de Polignac	330
M. de Roucherolles	93
M. de Choiseul	195
M. de Tremouelle	86
M. Vaupaliere	75
M. Lostanges	247
M. de St. Hermine	29
M. Belinage (three of the same name)	10868
M. Damezega	522
M. St. Cloud	29
M. Boazola	471
M. Goulett	10
M. Brieux	62
M. Balli de Crusol	196
Abbè Balivere	54
Baron de Chatelie	26
M. de Valou	8
M. Nedouchel	16
M. Minitier	770
M. P. de Tallemont	17
Conte d'Authieul	403
M. d'Authieul	822
M. Sarobert	78
M. Bateroy	6
Mr Franklin.	119
Mr. Franklin (his son)	198

*** No other English gentlemen are in the list.

Stag hunts	90
Boar hunts	207

The prince's name does not appear in the lists of 1779—That year the prince did not shoot.—But from the years 1748 to 1778, the archive of Chantilli, with all due dignity rehearse—

That the pieces of game, killed by S. A. R. Monseigneur le Prince de Condé, were in number 65,524.

That the nine pieces of game killed

killed by the late prince's grandson the Duc d'Enghein, were all rabbits.

That the pieces killed by the Duc de Bourbon were these.

Pheasants	——	1451
Hares	——	1207
Partridges	——	1254
Red ditto	——	143

And by C. d'Artois, these

Pheasants	——	978
Hares	——	870
Partridges	——	1109
Red ditto	——	115

The establishment was also thus extraordinary throughout! viz.

21 Miles of Park!
48 Miles of Forest!

The horses, when the family were at the place, were above 500!

The dogs, 60 to 80 couple.

The servants above 500!

The stables, are well known to be called the finest and best in Europe.—They are called so by those who know not what is good.

As a building, it is, in the French style, superb—As a stable, it fails in the first requisite, fitness and accommodation! — What does it signify, there being 136 places for horses to put their heads in, if those places are scarcely five feet wide, and subdivided only by swing bars.

Stalls, enclosed on each side, there are but 40—and they are scarely six feet wide in the clear. The heigth and width above 50 feet each, and the space in the centre, are the excellent parts of the building. This central space, an octagon of 80 feet diameter, and almost as high, is the place where the king and queen supped with music in the gallery, and jets d'aux, about the statuary of is not bad.

In this part of architecture, as in every other, as indeed in all the arts and actions of men, the pretension to positive good, must in some sort, be adjudged by each comparative approach to it. It is not how much, but how well.

Thus analysed, what is this boasted building of Chantilli?—With all that lavish waste and ornament, basso-relievo and statutes can do for it (and the very fanes are horses heads) —— Yet what is there so pretty and complete as the small stabling at the Duke of Queensbury's, at the Meuse, or Lord Milton's?—In skilful contrivances for use and comfort, Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord Egremont, the Duke of Bedford, with their loose rooms, all exceed-Chantilli!

It still remains to say—that the Duke of Devonshire's stables at Buxton, are the best in Europe—the best in plan and execution, for accommodation and effect.

The Duke of Orleans has the only building, of the kind, an Englishman could think complete in France.—It was at Paris, opposite the Palace Royal.

The dog houses at Chantilli, are also far inferior to what we have in England —particularly at the Duke of Richmond's in the park at Goodwood, where there is a good characteristic façade, from a grey, grim stone work, in Doric, making an object to the house and grounds—While within, the arrangements of distributing the dogs, their rooms for eating, sleeping, airing, &c. when sick and well, with running water, and underground drains,—the whole shewing, as far as can be shewn on such a work both humanity and skill.—And there is pecuniary magnificence too—For it is said to have cost five or

six

ſix thouſand pounds. Dante in the Inferno, uſefully figures the lower limb of one man, eſcaping uncondemned; ſaved by one act of caſual bounty, having once kicked a ſtray bone into the reach of a poor chained up dog! After this we hope to hear no more of the Suſſex 'ſquire's flouting at this atchievement, as inexcuſeably flung to the dogs.

THEATRES.

Account *of the new* Comedy *called* The Town before you.

IT was performed for the firſt time at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the 6th of December, and the ſucceſs which it met with muſt be highly flattering to the author, who is Mrs. Cowley, a lady whoſe former efforts have been crowned with well-known ſucceſs; and who, however little friendly ſupport her literary connections may have gained her, maintains no mean rank on the liſts of the drama.

The following are the characters and the fable of this comedy.

Fancourt	Mr. Munden.
Conway	Mr. Holman.
Aſgill	Mr. Pope.
Sir Robert Floyer	Mr. Quick.
Tippy	Mr. Lewis.
Sir Simon Aſgill	Mr. Powel.
Humphrey	Mr. Fawcett.
Perkins	Mr. Hull.
SERVANTS.	
Lady Horatia Horton	Mrs. Pope.
Georgina	Miſs Wallis.
Mrs. Fancourt	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady Charlotte	Miſs Chapman.
Jenny	Mrs. Martyr.

Lady Horatia is a woman of high faſhion and honour, abſtracted from the gay world, and devoting herſelf to the practice of ſculpture.—She loves and is beloved by Aſgill, the favourite nephew and heir of a rich uncle. She conceals her paſſion as long as his expectations are on a level with her fortune. Sir Simon, to try the ſincerity of his nephew, ſends an intimation that he has failed in buſineſs. The latter, impelled by an high ſenſe of honour, abandons his love, reſigns his ſmall fortune to the ſuppoſed diſtreſſes of his uncle, and goes to ſea to fight the battles of his country. Of the other characters, Sir Robert Floyer is a Welſh knight, ſomewhat a-kin to the Wronghead family, and who comes to London in ſearch of preferment. He falls in with two ſharpers Fancourt and Tippy, the latter of whom purſues his frauds with uncommon ſucceſs, from a ſtrong perſonal reſemblance to Lord Beachgrove. They apply themſelves to the vanity and ambition of the Welch knight, and if they dupe him with too much eaſe, their frauds give occaſion to much pleaſantry. Georgina, his daughter, is introduced to Lady Horatia, and meeting Sir Simon at her houſe, he miſtakes her for the miſtreſs of the manſion—a miſtake, which ſhe in her *gaieté de cœur* is led to adopt, and to diſavow any attachment to his nephew. From this circumſtance ariſes in a great degree the embarraſſments of the pieces. Georgina is herſelf beloved by Conway, and is alſo the object of Tippy's attempts, favoured by Jenny, his ſiſter, who is in the ſervice of Sir Robert, and aided by Fancourt. Their efforts are fruſtrated by the honeſty of Mrs. Fancourt, who, under the diſguiſe of a Savoyard fortune-teller, informs Georgina of their inſiduous deſigns. In the concluſion

clusion Sir Simon discovers that Lady Horatia meant to share her fortune with his nephew, and that his supposed distress has drawn forth a confession, which in his prosperity he never could obtain. Asgill is recalled from Portsmouth, his uncle acknowledges the innocent deception which he had practised. The lovers are united;—and as the business of the piece winds up, Fancourt and his friend escape rigid prosecution, on condition that the former releases his wife from her thraldom, by a legal separation. An additional punishment is inflicted, as severe, perhaps, as performers of any rank in the theatre can prevail upon themselves, even *dramatically* to undergo, and yet act with spirit — they are led by the Welch knight a tour through the coffee rooms of note, in order that exposure may take away the ability of committing future rogueries.

Thus far the outline of the *plot* proceeds; but if there were no more—if there were no moral, pleasing the comedy might be but the happy combination of UTILITY and PLEASURE would have been unpardonably forgotten.—To "gild a salutary pill for society," is the high boast of a dramatic author.

The morals here are two, one of them appears to us to be rather new on the stage, and a more noble one than the other cannot be impressed on the mind.

The first consists in stigmatizing "ragged philosophers who rail at riches;" those hypocrites who, being poor in consequence of idleness or dissipation, wear a continual sneer at the *imputed* depravities of the rich. The other diplays the mad folly, and consequent ruin which must overpower those, who subjugate real talents to the drudgery of vice.

To make such lessons palatable, requires every art of an author, and in this play they are decked with the allurements of laughing pleasantry.—The rogues are not dull ones—and several other characters are lively.

Quick, the Welch knight, is tricked and gulled, he is buoyed up with the hopes of exaltation; but, in all the pleasant vicissitudes of the piece, never forgets that he has been *high sheriff for his county*.

His bumkin west country servant (Fawcett) creates an uproar whenever he appears—his debate in the common-council chamber, concerning a *dinner*—his strictures on dress—his blunders with respect to price in a fruit-shop, are, amongst the most happy stage *burlesques*.

Amongst the most elegant scenes of the comedy must be ranked Lady Horatia Horton's defence of her attachment to statuary; it is a comparison of her labours with the *hard work* of a fashionable life.

The interest of the piece seems chiefly to lay with Mrs. Mattocks; to preserve innocence is her employment, and we have seldom seen her to more advantage than in the savoyard disguise.

Party politics this play interferes not with, but the situation of ASGILL naturally gives rise to the universal sentiment—the necessity of *now* saving the country; the enthusiastic clamour of the audience when POPE apostrophises the sailor's dress, was never perhaps exceeded in any theatre.

This comedy appears peculiarly calculated for the higher circles, with a proper clash of general life.

DRURY

DRURY LANE.

December 20.

ON Saturday evening a new Opera, written by Mr. Cobb, the music part of it compiled, but chiefly composed by Signor Storace, made its first appearance. The fable like most of the Dramas of this species, was a tissue of episodes; not always connected with probability, and very opposite to that delightful species of composition which has a distinct beginning, middle, and end, and the progressive incidents of which contribute to form a whole. But, though it wanted that which should recommend it to a future age, it possessed those requisites which captivate the present; it had the pleasures of show and scenery, the raptures of bravura singing, the comedy of technical punning, and the tragedy of miraculous meetings and killing of Indians. This is literally true; yet the piece altogether is much better than many of its cotemporaries, which aim at the same defects but cannot produce them with quite so much force. As a spectacle, it had, in the theatrical phrase, been got up with great care and good taste. The wild manners of the Indians were characterised; and the more the directors attend to this circumstance, the more the Opera will please. For our part, indeed, we could have been well content had the wild manners of these Indians oftener possessed the scene: and that chiefly because they but ill agreed with the counting-house wit, and thread-bare incidents with which they were contrasted. No attempt, indeed, was made to depict the manners of European planters. Instead of an English colony, we continually imagined ourselves to be on the Stock Exchange, or in the purlieus of Lombard street. The only fault we mean in this respect to point out is, that, on the loose and operatical plan of composition with which the author has contented himself, he might have produced a better effect had he given us less of the tame English, and had he made us more acquainted with the real situation of planters. We speak, as it is our duty, like unbiassed judges; but we likewise add, that the piece is far from destitute of that kind of merit to which it pretends; and that, critics as we may be thought, it gave us, considerable pleasure in the representation. It is indeed so well got up, and there is so much of spectacle in it, that we have little doubt but that it will be a favourite with the town, and productive to the theatre.

Much may be said in commendation of the music: the composer in this and former instances, has laudably, in our opinion, endeavoured to introduce the Italian stile of mingling the persons of the Drama in musical conversation; and in this instance has performed his task with great effect. The song of *Ontayo*, and the chorus, with the quartetto that follows, the finale of the second act, and other similar instances through the Opera, are sufficient proofs.—Few things are more fatiguing to the spirits than the drilling of chorusses for the stage; and we never heard, on a first night, chorusses that upon the whole were better performed; neither do the singers, as formerly, stand motionless, with their hands clasped, their bodies stiff, and nothing moving but the contortions of their countenance. At present the chorus has assumed animation,

animation, and even paſſion; and we are eſſentially indebted to the Pygmalion who has found the art of animating ſuch blocks.

The actors in general played with ſpirit: young Banniſter's imagination never fails him, and he uſes it with excellent effect; he is, indeed, an actor of very uncommon merit. Yet nothing perhaps, in the whole performance gave more true pleaſure than the charming *naivité* of the fairy Bland, in her ſong—

"A Shepherd once had loſt his Love,
"Fal, lal, la."

We muſt not diſmiſs our remarks without mentioning, that it is a very reprehenſible practice, and totally unworthy both of preſent circumſtances, and an enlightened age, to encourage national prejudices, and to teach the vulgar to deſpiſe whatever is not Engliſh; we repeat, the vulgar, for none but the vulgar, no matter of what rank or degree, can feel any thing but pain at aſſertions ſo falſe, and ſo prejudicial to the very people whom they flatter.

The piece was given out with loud applauſe for the next evening. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRITISH.

Colonel Blandford,	Mr. Kelly.
Henry - -	Maſter Walſh.
Officer -	Mr. Cooke.
Average . -	Mr. Hollingſworth.
Jack Average -	Mr. J. Banniſter.
Ramble - -	Mr. Dignum.
Sergeant Bluſter -	Mr. Banniſter.
Jeremy - -	Mr. Suett.
Zelipha - -	Mrs. Crouch.
Eleanor - -	Signora Storace.
Fanny - -	Miſs Leake.
Winifred -	Mrs. Bland.

INDIANS.

Malooko - -	Mr. Barrymore.
Zamorin -	Mr. C. Kemble.
Ontayo - -	Mr. Sedgwick.
Patowmac -	Mr. Caulfield.
Indian -	Mr. Phillimore.
Parthees - -	Mrs. Bramwell.

*** *The Editor of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE, *are induced to believe, that the inſertion of the* PEDIGREES *of* HORSES *who have made themſelves remarkable by their extraordinary exploits, will not be unpleaſant to the generality of their readers; ſhould there, however, be amongſt them, thoſe of a different opinion, any idea they may think proper to ſuggeſt, ſhall have every poſſible attention paid to it. A deſire to make their publication pleaſing to all, has been, and ever will be, the wiſh of the Proprietors.*

HAMBLETON, Yorkſhire, Auguſt 8th, 1749, his Majeſty's gold cup, value 100 guineas for 5 year old mares, weight 10 ſtone; one 4-mile heat.

Duke of Rutland's black filly, Bonny Black, by Black Hearty, ſon of Leſter's Turk, 4 yrs old —	1
Mr. R. Watſon's ch. —	2
Sir Ralph Milbank's b.	3
Mr. Ramſden's b. —	4
—— Adam's Smiling Molly	5
—— Wind's b. —	6
Baron Blombergh's Strawberry	7
Mr. Raike's g. —	8
—— Stafford's b. —	9
Mr. Hutton's Gipſey, by Bay Bolton — —	10
—— Carter's b. —	11
—— Ingleby's b. —	12
Mrs. Layton's b. —	13
Sir W. Lowther's bl. -	14
Mr. Daviſon's b, —	15
—— White's ch. —	16

N. B. Black Legs was only 13 hands 2 inches.

Duke of Somerſet's ch. m. and 14 others alſo ſtarted, but the tryers could only place the above, five were drawn, ſo that 36 entered, which was the largeſt number ever known.

In

In the year 1750, for the same prize, Bonny Black won, beating 17 others.

For the same in 1751, 20 started.
Do. 1752, 22 started.
Do. 1753, 19 started.
Do. 1754, 26 started.

MIRZA.

BRED by the Earl of Godolphin, who sold him to Mr. Panton, got by the Godolphin arabian, his dam by Hobgoblin, grandam by Whitefoot, a daughter of Leedes, and out of Queen Anne's Moonah b. m. Mirza happening with a misfortune, was deemed unfit for a racer, and sold to Anthony Langley Swymmer, Esq. for a hunter. In 1755 Mirza won the hunters plates of 50 guineas at Coventry and Great Marlow. 1756, 50 guineas at Barnet, Chipping Norton, Tetbury, and Aylesbury. 1757 he won 50l. at Winchester 50l. at Burford, beating Mr. Dutton's Nisus, at Blandford, 50l. at Oxford, 50l. at Andover, beating Mr. Martindale's Adolphus, and 50l. at Brentwood, beating Mr. Meredith's Whittington, &c. Mirza was sold to Fulk Greville, Esq. for 450 guineas. 1758 Mirza won the Jockey Club plate of 200 guineas, Beacon Course beating Matchem, Jason, Feather and Forester. This was the last time Mirza was started, he was never beat. After winning this plate, Sir James Lowther purchased him of Mr. Greville for 1500 guineas. Sir James afterwards challenged the whole Northumberland confederacy to run Mirza against Snap for 10,000 guineas, and allow Snap 4lb. as Snap was on his road into the north, to succeed his sire Snip as a stallion, who was, in the middle of the covering season, killed by his teazer the challenge was not accepted. Mirza was afterwards a stallion in Sir James's stud.

SNAP.

THE property of Jenison Shafto, Esq. was got by Snip, son of Flying Childers, his dam (own sister to Slipby), by Lord Portmore's Fox, his grandam by Mr. Hamilton's Gypsey, by Bay Bolton, great grandam by the Duke of Newcastle's Turk, out of a daughter of the Byrly Turk. At Newmarket 1st spring meeting 1756, Snap beat easy the Duke of Cumberland's Marsk, by Squirt, 10st. each, B. C. for 1000 guineas. In the second spring meeting he beat Marsk a second time at the same weight for 1000 guineas. The odds at starting were 10 to 1 on Snap, over the flat 30 to 1. Marsk being all abroad, and was beat half a distance at the ditch half mile. Snap also won the free plate at York, of 100 guineas. At Stockton upon Tees, he received 50 guineas not to start for the 100l. plate there. In April 1757, at Newmarket, he beat Lord Gower's Sweepstakes, 9st. each, B. C. for 1000 guineas, the above were the only times of Snap's running.

Immediately after his winning this last race he was sent to succeed his sire in the north, where he covered for several years with great success, and proved himself a most valuable stallion. He died in the year 1777.

HEROD.

GENERALLY called King Herod, was allowed by sportsmen and breeders, to be one of the best stallions this kingdom ever produced. He was bred by the late Sir W. St. Quinton, Bart. of Scampston, near Malton, Yorkshire, and got by Tartar, son of Crofts partner; his dam Cypron by Blaze, and was the dam of

of Dapper, Dunce, Dumplin, Hollyhock, Sejanus, Protector, &c. and grandam of Il'mio, Chequino, &c. Herod's grandam, called Selima, by Bethell's Arabian, (and was the dam of Scampston Cade), his great grandam by Graham's Champion, (that won the king's plate at York in 1713) his great great grandam by Darley's Arabian, (sire of Childer's) and out of a daughter of Old Merlin, son of Bustler, son of Helmsby Turk Herod, when in training was the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. At Newmarket, in 1763, he beat the Duke of Ancaster's b. c. by Blank, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. for 500 guineas. At Ascot Heath, in June 1764 he beat Lord Rockingham's Tom Tinker, allowing him 5lb. four miles for 1000 guineas. At Newmarket in October, he beat the Duke of Grafton's Antinous, allowing 3lb. B. C. for 500 guineas. At Newmarket May 1765, he beat the Duke of Grafton's Antinous, allowing him 9lb. for 1000 guineas. Herod was then sold to Sir John Moore, Bart. and at Newmarket in May 1767, at 5st. 7lb. he beat Jenison Shafto's, Esq. Aschom, 6st. B. C. for 1000 guineas. This was the last time of his running.

The following celebrated racers, besides a great many others, were got by Herod.

Anvil, Alexis, Ballance, Drone, Evergreen, Frowzel, Fortitude, Guildford, Glancer, Highflyer, Justice, Il'mio, Laburnum, Latona, Magnet, Monk, Nebuchadnezzar, Orange, Pontifax, Postmaster, Perve, Phœnomenon, Perdita, Spectre, Tuberose, Telemachus, Weazel, Woodpecker.

Herod died at Newmarket, on the 12th of May, 1780, aged 21 years.

To the Editors *of the* Sporting Magazine.

Gentlemen,

THIS nation has often been reproached by foreigners for want of public decorum, and I am sorry to be compelled to say, there is much reason for the accusation; I shall, however, at present, confine myself to the period and manner of mourning for our relations: I think it would nevertheless be necessary, that some few rules should be noticed on these occasions, and as I have never met with any thing of this kind, perhaps the following outlines may furnish a superior pen with hints for a more perfect and extensive plan, which would doubtless be adopted by persons of both sexes who are of the *bon ton.*

A WIFE LOSING HER HUSBAND.

Not to appear in public the first week, or in private without a handkerchief; the second sunday at church much affected with the sermon—the handkerchief not omitted. May go to a tragedy after the first month, and weep a little at the performance, or the loss of her husband. The second month she may appear at a comedy—stare, smile, and try to pick a fresh lover up. The third month she may dance at the public assembly with her *intended*; and the fourth month she may jump into his arms and finish her tiresome widowhood.

A HUSBAND LOSING HIS WIFE.

Must weep, or seem to weep most prodigiously, at the funeral; should

should not appear at the club-room the first two or three nights may take a mistress into keeping the second week, provided he had not one before; may appear with her in public at the month's end. And as he probably may not choose to marry again, he may, at the close of the third month, be allowed a couple more mistresses, to solace him in his melancholy.

AN HEIR LOSING HIS FATHER.

It would be rather more decent not to break out before the funeral.—*Horses*, *hounds*, *pointers*, *kennels*, *stables*, *villas*, and disposition of *gardens* &c. may be in the mean while preparing; the additional servants may be hired, not forgetting *huntsmen*, *whippers-in*, &c.—that's the real thing.—The ladies may visit him (after the funeral), or he may visit them before, provided some few precautions are used, to prevent scandal, as the world is rather censorious. He may frequent *horse-racing*, may get admitted a member of the *jockey club* as soon as possible, and if not ruined before the expiration of his mourning, he only need change his dress, and pursue the same plan as long as his fortune lasts. These rules may be observed, and foreigners will no more cast reflections on our want of decency, and we shall approach a little more towards rational beings.

ASTONISHMENT.

Darlington,
Dec. 10*th*, 1794.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

An ADDRESS *to the* FRESHMEN *of the* UNIVERSITY *of* CAMBRIDGE.

GENTLE FRESHMEN,

NO doubt but that before this time, you have all heard, and have all ridiculed the idea of a *Quiz*; no doubt but that all of you have been admonished, by some *good friend* or other, not to rank yourselves in that degraded class; yet perhaps that *good friend* did not give you a real definition of the character of a *Quiz*; to remedy any such omission is the purpose of this short address.

By a *Quiz* according to the original meaning of the word, was meant a rigid disciplinarian, or one, who having attained all the goods of this world he could either expect or wish for, would in defiance of every custom, and of all society pursue his one peculiar plan; to be called *a Quiz*, was not to such a man as this any detriment, for he already had reached the goal to which he wished to arrive. But the word *Quiz*, in its present application, is of far more pernicious tendency. Now every young man who wishes to attain that for which he was sent by his friends to the university, namely *improvement*, is immediately denominated *a Quiz*, and is subject to the petty insults of every buck (a species of the human kind so called in Cambridge) he meets with. To avoid the stigma of being a *Quiz*, young men who have but moderate allowances plunge into expences, which make them for many years after miserable. To peruse any book of improvement is called *Quizical*; in short, not to be extremely dissipated and extravagant is to be *a Quiz*. What I could therefore advise ye (gentle Freshmen) is not to pay any attention to this now dreaded word, but to pursue your studies with regularity; in a short time you will overcome that which now appears so formidable, and will not blush to subscribe yourselves, as I now do,

Cambridge, QUIZICUS.
Dec. 9*th*, 1794.

THE

FEAST OF WIT:

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

BON MOT.

AS Louse Pigott was scratching his head at a bookseller's in Piccadilly, a gentleman remarked that he seemed to be troubled with republicans; rather, says another gentlemen, by courtiers, if we may judge by their attachment to the Crown, "true" replied a celebrated wag of opposition, "the Crown is always surrounded with vermin."

Not long since, an Irishman was arraigned at the bar of justice for felony, and on being asked the usual question, "how will you be tried?" through ignorance (for it was his first appearance in that character) he remained silent, till told by one of the counsel to say, "by God and my Country:"—Paddy replied to his advocate, "by J—s, honey, I wond'n't wish to be tried by G—d at all, because as how he knows all about the matter."

Lord Ogleby ought to put on a suit of sables for the loss of his favourite Cephalic—his poor *Canton*—Baddeley was a follower of honest Isaac Walton, and frequently personified "Patience in a Punt," at Hampton Deep. His favourite pitch was at Garrick's Willow — and the Temple of Shakespeare ever and anon taking off his attention, no wonder the skilful Angler now and then missed a palpable *bite!*

The following ludicrous circumstance occurred about a week since, at a parish church in the north of Devon:—The clerk being confined by illness, the sexton was employed to officiate for him, and not being notorious for orthography, found some difficulty in executing the duty of his new office: by way, however, of apologizing for his defects, he gave out to be sung the 12th verse of the 84th Psalm, which runs thus, "*Much rather had I keep a door.*"

THE GOOSE.

A baker and taylor lived lately at Ipswich, next door to each other. As the oven was always hot, the former permitted the latter to heat his goose in it. It so happened that poor Snip one night had the misfortune to offend Mr. *Dough* in his cups, who was rather a *crusty* fellow. In consequence of which he gave him notice before a public company, that if he should dare from that time forward to heat his goose in his oven, he would bring an action against him.

Snip unfortunately had as bad a memory as a certain person, who lately appeared at a certain place, not

not recollecting what had passed over night—went the next morning, in absence of the baker, and put his goose in the oven. The baker, on his return, threw the goose into the street—went immediately to an attorney, told his story, and desired to know if an action would not lie for trespass against the taylor.—Mr. Latitat, who was fond of plucking geese, was elated with the very sound of the word, and assured Mr. Dough, that he would immediately send his next door neighbour a piece of parchment, by way of measure. He kept his word.—The act says, if in case of trespass, if a farthing damages be found, upon proper notice being served—Defendant must pay all costs. This cause was tried, one penny damages were found, and the defendant ruined by a single *heat*.

CAPITAL CURIOSITIES.

That is, curiosities in the capital:—In St. Giles's, there is a sign with this inscription,—"*Whales* dinners drest every day; smoaking hot from two to five." In Wapping, a sign with this inscription, "*Lions* hair drest, and clean shaved for three-pence a head."—In Shoreditch, "*Newman* and (137) sons, taylors and habit-makers."—In a sale catalogue, we meet with the following articles, *to be sold*,—"a lion rampant,"—"two vice-admirals,"—"two poached eggs,"—"a woodcock."—"two small bishop's mitres,"—"a Venus's ear,"—"two yellow tigers,"—"a pair of towers of Babel,"—"a fine large harp,"—"two *beautiful* spectres,"—and "a bear's paw!" This heterogeneous collection, the articles of which bear such extraordinary titles, is composed of *shells* and *corals*.

ANECDOTE OF A MUSSULMAN.

In the year 1715, when Doctor Halley's calculation of the great Solar Eclipse was a general subject of conversation, a Turkish envoy, who happened to be in London, said he was certain the prediction must be fallacious, for God never revealed such things to any but true believers. The eclipse appeared at the moment it had been calculated, and Lord Forser asked the Turk what he thought then? "*That they must have their intelligence from the devil, for God Almighty would hold no correspondence with such a wretched set of unbelievers as the English astronomers,*" was the Turk's reply.

A gentleman at the bar, who has lately written a treatise on Eloquence, being desirous of giving his friends a proper idea of his manuscript, engages six or eight of them to come and hear him read it. The company being seated, and the reader in a high arm-chair in the middle of the room, he began with great gravity, and having in two or three pages described the nature of eloquence, thus proceeded: "This being premised, it follows, that the great, the grand, the first—I had almost said, the only requisite of an Orator is ———" Here from a blot or bad writing he made a pause, which one of the company taking advantage of, added in a similar tone of voice and the same key—"*A very large and very well powdered perriwig!*"

SHORT AND PITHY.

Thelwall wrote a note to Mr. Erskine previous to his trial, stating his determination to undertake his own defence! This answer was returned; "If you do, you will be hanged." The reply

reply was instantaneous—"I'll be *hanged* if I do."

The ladies, in the present unreserved display of their charms, should recollect the observation of the late Lord Chesterfield, who on being asked if he did not think a certain lady had a *fine bosom*, dryly answered, "It is very pretty, but I have seen it before."

Upon the late trials for treason, at the Old Bailey, it appeared in evidence, that at the meeting of the convention in Scotland, a *patriotic gift of five shillings* was received, and "*honourable mention odered to be made of it*;"—upon which Mr. Erskine whispered to a friend—"This surely marks their attachment to a CROWN.

A BARBER'S PUFF.

"Woman is the master-piece of the Almighty: have any the beauty, softness, or grace, comparable with her's? Is not her mind the arcana of all that is desirable?—Seek for elegance, you will find it in her shape; for penetration, you will find it in her eye; for beauty, you will find it in every feature, especially if she has consulted the improvement of her charms so far as to adorn them with V——'s incomparable tetes.

A certain lady celebrated for her beauty and accomplishments, being lately in company with the Turkish Ambassador, asked him why a plurality of wives was tolerated in his country, while an Englishman was only suffered to have one. "Because, madam, replied he, Englishmen find all those charms and merits in you *alone*, which we have only a chance of finding in *several*."

During the fog, the Duke of Clarence coming out of Drury-lane Theatre, by MISTAKE stepped into Mrs. Jordan's carriage, and was taken home to that lady's house!

The same evening, as the Prince of Wales was returning on foot from Lady Clermont's, in Berkley Square, he lost his path, in Piccadilly, and turned into Downe's the undertaker's shop: "Do you want any thing, sir, in the funeral way? asked the clerk. "No," replied his highness, with his usual good humour, "But I think I shall trouble the parish with a *christening* next year.

A correspondent has given us rather a singular instance of the price of a single night's lodging, at Poole, in Montgomeryshire: the respectable Baronet of Wynnstay, and his brother, being lately on the grand jury at the sessions of the above place, had occasion to tarry all night: when they took up their abode under the private roof of an hospitable grocer, who very modestly charged them not more than *four guineas* simply for *sleeping*.

When a British monarch once, in an excusion through Yorkshire, asked the price of an egg, he was answered, "a guinea!" "What!" said the monarch, "are eggs so scarce in Yorkshire?"—"No, please your majesty," replied an old woman, the seller, "but KINGS are."

So also had Sir Watkin asked the honest grocer, "are BEDS so scarce at Poole?"—he might have answered, "no, sir, but BARONETS are."

For

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Eccentric PARSIMONY *exemplified, in the* LIVES *of* MR. RICHARD CALVIN, *and* MR. W. HUSKE, *alias* DIRTY DICK, *and* OLD WILL, *two perſons of conſiderable property, lately deceaſed.*

THESE characters, well known in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane, for upwards of 30 years paſt, were originally companions, or rather ſhipmates together at ſea, on board a man of war. Dirty Dick was a native of Deptford; Old Will was born ſomewhere in Cumberland, but when they returned from ſea, Dick ever after much the richeſt of the two, was then the pooreſt, having carelefsly expended the whole of his wages and prize-money. Will, however, thinking he might be reclaimed, and truſted to his judgment, as he was a very ſenſible and intelligent man. They came to London, and took a houſe in Black boy-alley, where they let barrows, baſkets, &c. and lent ſmall ſums to poor market people at an exorbitant intereſt, by which they were enabled to purchaſe the houſe they lived in, with ſeveral others in that neighbourhood. Dirty Dick, it appears, formed a connexion with a female, by whom he had a daughter, but to humour his male partner he was obliged to break it off, becauſe, though their gains were yearly increaſing, the viſits of Dick's infant daughter were looked upon by Old Will as a bad cuſtom, which had no other tendency than the impoveriſhment of the houſe. When the wealth of theſe brothers had increaſed by the accumulation of a great number of old houſes, they became their own bricklayers, carpenters, &c. to ſtretch their œconomy, Will being a very ſmall man in bulk, uſed to ſweep the chimnies himſelf, and afterwards ſell the ſoot to a dealer in that article, and Dick who walked with crutches ſeveral years before his death, caught a cold (which was the occaſion of his lameneſs) by ſtanding to empty a privy into a ſewer near; to ſave the expence of a few ſhillings, at a time when he was worth upwards of a thouſand pounds! It is obſervable that almoſt all the domeſtic utenſils made uſe of by this frugal pair, were of their own making. They had ſcarcely a cup or diſh that was not formed out of pieces that had been picked up on ſome of the dunghills, which they often viſited. With reſpect to their diet they were not nice, provided they had a quantity, the quality was never regarded; ruſty bacon, ſtinking meat, tripe, &c. that even dogs would refuſe, often formed the firſt delicacies of their table; and though but very few perſons were ever aſked to partake, it is eaſy to conjecture, that an invariable apology for non-compliance, was the certain conſequence. *Semper eadem* might juſtly have been the motto of this ſingular couple, for from the time they were comparatively not worth a ſhilling, till they had thouſands at command, their appearance was juſt the ſame, Old Dick wore nothing good but his linen, but Old Will was ſo wretched in every article of his dreſs, that he was often taken for a begger, and would receive halfpence from ſuch as did not know him, and when he was dying, from the ſame principle of miſery that had always influenced his conduct, he peremptorily refuſed every kind of nouriſhment, excepting ſmall beer. Old

Will's property is ſaid to have been left to different relatives, that of Mr. Calvin to his natural daughter, a girl about 16 years of age, who not having been in the habit of having money in her own poſſeſſion, and naturally fond of low purſuits, with other extravagancies expended a guinea per day, for 90 days ſucceſſively, moſtly in coach-hire, to attend at bull-baits, dog-fights, and other ſimilar amuſements, which by a certain claſs of people, is denominated *ſeeing life*. She is ſince married to a ſhoe-maker, and has nearly run through the whole of her father's hard earnings and ſavings.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

The following anſwers to the CRIBBAGE QUESTION *inſerted in page* 107 *of our laſt are come to hand, we inſert both, that the ingenuity of neither may be withheld from the admirers of that agreeable game.*

An anſwer to the Queries to Cribbage Players.

A. THE eldeſt hand, has dealt to him a king, queen, ten, nine, ſeven, and a three—B. holds a nine, 2 eights, and 3 threes—A. diſcards a ſeven a nine, and B. 2 eights.——*A nine is the ſtart card.*

A. plays a tenth card—B. a nine, which makes 19—then A. plays another three, which makes 22—B. pairs it and ſcores 2, plays another three, ſcoring 6 for it, and then his laſt three, which makes 31, ſcoring in all 22 points—A. for his two remaining cards ſcores 1 point.

A. counts in play . .	1	in hand	0
B for his hand counts . .			20
—for his crib			20
—makes in play			22—62

ANOTHER.

A. and B. play at Cribbage.—A. holds king, queen, ten and four, of different ſuits.

B. hold three fours and a five.

Turn-up card a ſix.

A. plays firſt a 10—B. plays 5, makes 15—A plays 4, makes 19—B. plays 4, makes 23—B. plays again 4, makes 27—and B. plays again 4, makes 31—A. ſet up one for his two cards left.

The crib conſiſts of 2 ſevens, 1 eight, and 1 nine.

The following was the actual game played.

The dealer held a nine and 3 threes—his adverſary, a king, queen, ten and three. In the crib, 2 ſevens, 2 eights—and a nine ſtarted. The adverſary played his king—the dealer his nine—then the adverſary his three, and the dealer one of his threes; and the other two immediately following as the firſt, made it a *go* from his adverſary. Thus the dealer played 22 holes—he held 20 in his hand, and had 24 in his crib; while his adverſary held none, and could take only one hole for his laſt card, admitting that they played out all the cards.

*** *We think the following worthy the attention of our ſporting brethren.*

GUNPOWDER.

Method of increaſing the force of gunpowder one-third, in proportion to its goodneſs, diſcovered by Dr. Franceſco, phyſician of Fogano, in Tuſcany.

To every pound of powder, add four ounces of quick-lime, freſh and well pulveriſed; let the whole be ſhaken till the mixture is perfect, and afterwards kept for uſe in a cloſe ſtopped veſſel.

We

We leave the chemists to decide upon what principle the lime acts in strengthening the powder. The experiment is certain. In the sports of the field, several gamekeepers have tried it, with astonishment, at the additional force given to their fowling-piece. But it is necessary to notice, that the powder used in priming must be unmixed with lime.

Several of the deer in Windsor Park have lately been affected with a disorder in the brain, which renders them apparently mad. On being shot, congealed blood has been found in the cavities of the head. The disorder is now abating. It has been sillily ascribed to the bite of a mad dog.

Lord Archibald Hamilton having declined the *Fox-chase*, has chosen the village of Friering, in Essex, as a sporting retreat, where he hunts his own pack of harriers every day in the week.

One of the greatest of the lady gamblers in St. James's Square, actually sleeps in the parlour with a blunderbuss and a pair of pistols by her bed-side, to watch the house, and protect the treasure of the Pharoah Bank.

Tuesday se'nnight, Lieutenant Arkwright, of Sir V. Hunt's regiment, for a wager of 100 guineas, ran 6 Irish miles in 51 minutes and 31 seconds. The bet was determined in the front lawn of the Curragh, where a vast concourse of people attended, and private bets to a considerable amount were sported on this novel occasion: he performed it with great ease in the time, although he had an hour for doing it.

A CURIOUS WAGER.

A party of ladies and gentlemen viewing the apartments at Carleton House, fitting up for the reception of the intended Princess of Wales; a gentleman of the company affected to find fault with the cielings as too low, offering to lay a considerable bet that he could produce a person, in a few minutes, who could not *stand upright* under them; the bet being taken, he withdrew, and immediately afterwards returned with a diminutive figure, a-kin to the little *hunch-back* of Bagdat, who declaring that he could not stand upright there or any where else, the wager was declared to be won.

Some gentlemen being lately out shooting, one of the company who was an indifferent shot, after making several unsuccessful attempts to kill game, by firing at random lodged two pellets in the cheek of a gentleman of the party, but when the *marksman* came up to make his apology, and profess his sorrow;—"*My dear Sir,*" said the other, "*I give you joy on your improvement, I knew you would hit something by and by.*"

Mr. Pinfold, of Thaxtead in Essex, has now in his possession two brace of capital setters, their breed and colour are peculiar,—they are of black tan, and more resemble hounds, than setting dogs: their progenitor was the property of the late John Elwes, Esq. of *miserable* memory. And as a proof of its strength and speed, Mr. Elwes once assured Capt. Topham, that the same dog in following him to London, hunted all the fields adjoining the road—a distance of sixty miles.

The

The following whimſical amercement which made part of the law of our anceſtors, the ancient Britons, ſhews the value which they ſet upon that uſeful thief-taker, the domeſtic cat:—If any ſtole or killed a cat kept in the King's ſtorehouſe, the animal was ſuſpended by the tip of the tail, with the head barely touching the ground, and the delinquent was obliged to throw wheat upon her, till the grain reached the ſtring, at the extreme end of her tail, by which ſhe was held, and this wheat was a fine to the King. *Wotton L. L. Walliæ.*—Stealing a ſwan was puniſhable in the ſame manner, tying it by the beak inſtead of the tail.

NEW TAX.

It is ſaid to be an article in the ſyſtem of ways and means for the enſuing year, to levy a new impoſt upon cards, or rather upon *Card Players*, for a guinea per annum is to be paid by the maſter or miſtreſs of every houſe in which any card playing may take place during the year. Such a tax is likely to prove very productive; and as it is impoſed upon a luxury only, cannot but be generally acceptable. The annual expence is a trifle for an amuſement that is prevalent in moſt private families.

A few days ago, a large eagle was ſhot in a wood belonging to Arthur Vanſittart, Eſq. at Shotteſbrook. It weighed upwards of nine pounds, and meaſured ſeven feet two inches from the tips of the wings, when expanded. Upon taking out the entrails, the leg of a hare was found in them; the bone was entire and quite perfect, with a little fleſh and ſkin upon it.

An inſtance of ſingular and wanton barbarity, occurred a few evenings ſince. Two labourers paſſing along the road from Springfield to Danbury, in Eſſex, were ſhot at by two perſons thro' the hedge, who then made off: happily neither of the men were hurt, although the flap of the hat of one of them was lacerated. It is ſuppoſed to have been a *frolic* of two young men who were ſeen ſhooting in the early part of day.

Sunday, the 30th ult. was married at St. Winnow's church, Cornwall, Mr. E. Matthews, aged *ſeventy-two*, to Mrs. Mary Bright, aged *eighty-ſix!* The courtſhip between this tender pair had been about *twenty-four* years continuance. They being of oppoſite religious tenets, could not agree as to what perſuaſion *the children* ſhould be brought up; but at laſt almighty Love tript up the heels of religion in the lady's heart, and her qualms of conſcience are now perfectly reconciled.

A letter from Arnheim, dated Dec. 11, ſays, Sir Charles Turner intended to have treated the officers of the Guards yeſterday, with the pleaſures of a chace, when, lo! the French put an embargo on the ſport. The next vacant day is to be ſeized on, as Sir Charles and his hounds are going home.

Lady Lade and Mrs. Hodges are to have a *curricle race* at Newmarket at the next Spring Meeting: and the horſes are now in training. It is to be a *five mile courſe*, and great ſport is expected. The conſtruction of the traces is to be on a plan ſimilar to that by which Lord March, now Duke of Queenſberry, won his famous match againſt time.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SHOOTING.

WILD FOWL.

WHEN winter, now, a gloomy tyrant reigns,
In dreaded ſilence o'er the ravag'd plains,
Involves in ſheets of ſnow the bending woods,
And throws his icy mantle o'er the floods,
Cloſe by the harden'd brook, whoſe ſullen ſtream
No more ſoft murm'ring aids the poet's dream,
Where, 'midſt the matted ſedge, th' emerging flood
With air and life renews the finny brood,
The patient *fowler* ſtands, with ſilent aim,
To watch the ſtation of the *watery game*;
Not like the gentle angler, careleſs laid
In the cool ſhelter of the ſummer ſhade,
But train'd, with hardy ſinews, to defy
The chilly horrors of a wint'ry ſky!
While here th' aquatic wild fowl's timid race,
With wonted pinion, ſeek the well-known place,
Where ruſhes thick the *widgeon*'s haunt conceal,
The blue wing'd *mallard*, and the tender *teal*—
Swift on the various race, with fiery ſhow'r,
The ſcatt'ring ſhots unſeen deſtruction pour,
With mangled ſlaughter ſtrew the froſt-bound flood,
And dye the ſullied ſnow with guſhing blood!

TRIGGER.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING made ſome lines on the death of a monkey, belonging to ſome ladies, I have the honour of being requeſted by the ſame to write ſome lines on the deceaſe of a cat, an extraordinary good mouſer.

ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD CAT.

N. B. A FOUR-LEGGED ONE.

MERIDARPAX—ſpeaks.
Vide Homer's Mice.

AND art thou dead, tyrannick puſs?
But oft I've ſeen thee ſhamming thus,
Laying thy carcaſe on the ſhelf,
To catch full many a beardleſs elf;
Who coming near thy fatal paw,
Has been a *ſandwich* for thy maw.
Dead, ſurely! Now we'll dance and ſqueak,
Merry as any Attick Greek; *
For they of all the biped kind
Were moſt to active ſports inclin'd;
Then rally round this brave ſirloin,
And on the choiceſt viands dine.
Labour avaunt! come frantic pleaſure;
Peace, plenty, freedom, without meaſure;
Ariſtocrats no more ſhall ſwarm,
Now we behold our lov'd reform;
The wiſh of many a former age,
Cull'd from *Tom Paine*'s and *Prieſtley*'s page;
None his ſuperiors hence ſhall ſee—
All hail, divine equality!
Lychenor, † come—of all our throng,
Renown'd for poetry and ſong—
With flaming Io Pæans ſtore us,
Concluding with thy favourite chorus; ‡
Grimalkin's infamy rehearſe
In democratic, cynic verſe;
Whilſt we indignant will the grave
With od'rous ſaline, ſtreamlets lave;

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* The learned Stuart, in his Antiquities of Athens, remarks, that the Athenian commonalty are the livelieſt people he ever ſaw; and infers, that our ſaying "as merry as grigs," is only corrupted from Greeks.

† Lychenor ſays, in a letter to his friend, to this effect: I was there, made many good ſongs on the occaſion to our favourite chorus, which were much approved of. I have ordered 2500 to be diſtributed, they will take like wild-fire."

‡ "Verbum ſat ſapienti."

'Till

'Till every baleful herb ſhall riſe
To mark where CATLY GLORY lies.
To whom a mouſe, with age grown grey,
Once the fam'd Neſtor of his day,
" Brethren your ſyſtem's weak and vain,
" No Numa could ſuch laws maintain;
" I'm off—I ſee a murky ſtorm
" Impend, to blaſt your MAD REFORM."

JEHU.

CRISPIN AND KITTY.

Suppoſed to be written by a poor broken-hearted Cobler on the Death of his Wife.

" AS cloſe as to the ſturdy *ſole*,
" Is ſtitch'd the *upper leather*,
" While I on hoofs clos'd many a hole,
" We *hoof'd* through life together.

" We *wax'd* in love, a faithful *pair*,
" I priz'd her as my *awl*;
" But when at *laſt* her *end* drew near,
" Death *coax'd* her from my *ſtall*!

" Yet tho' my *lapſtone*'s now a load,
" My *ſtrap* ſcarce worth attending:
" I truſt my *Kit* now finds abode,
" Where *ſouls* no more want *mending*!"

Thus CRISPIN *ſung in doleful dumps,*
Tho' bootleſs *was the ſlave;*
Till eyes that ſtreamed o'er ſhoes *and* pumps,
Were clos'd in KITTY's *grave!*

BRUSH.

Birmingham, Dec. 2, 1794.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I SHALL be very much obliged to you to inſert the following in your agreeable Magazine.

Darlington, Dec. 12, 1794.

LINES.

On Miſs D. K——y, of Bolton, in Yorkſhire.

HER blooming looks confeſs the Cyprian queen,
And coy Diana chaſtens all her mein;
She ſpeaks the goddeſs with the azure eyes,
And all the muſes in her voice ſurpriſe;
While in each awful motion is expreſt
A Juno in the zone of Venus dreſt.

On me, O Love, this charming fair beſtow,
And I will ever at thy altars bow;
To me alone, O God, her heart incline,
That I may call the lovely Dolly mine,
Then each new ſun that wakes her brighter eyes,
Shall ſee celeſtial charms thy ſacrifice.

W. B. G.

THE OLD SHEPHERD's DOG.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

THE old ſhepherd's dog, like his maſter was grey,
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue;
Yet where'er Corin went, he was followed by Tray,
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When fatigued on the graſs the ſhepherd would lie,
For a nap in tha ſun—'midſt his ſlumbers ſo ſweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd conſtantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When winter was heard on the hill and the plain
And torrents deſcended and cold was the wind;
If Corin went forth 'mid the tempeſt and rain,
Tray ſcorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the ſtraw Tray made his laſt bed;
For vain, againſt death, is the ſtouteſt endeavour,
To lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and ah! clos'd them for ever!

Not long after Tray did the ſhepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true ſorrow would bend,
And when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor ſwain,
" O bury me, neighbours, beſide my old friend!

SONG.

BE gone dull care, no more I'll pine,
No longer here be found,
Great Bacchus give me roſy wine,
With joy, lo! I'm crown'd.

Old care, begone with wrinkled face,
No more ſhalt thou controul,
Bright Venus in the warm embrace
Gives joy that glad the ſoul.

To

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following verses worth insertion, you will much oblige

A CONSTANT READER.

Messrs. Oakley, Yorke and Arnull's post-haste observations on their journey through Paris to Fontainbleau races; with a particular description of the French court, the jockies, engagements, their danger at sea, safe arrival at Newmarket, &c. &c.

WRITTEN BY MR. PERRY.

From France just arrived—such a budget of news,
Twill serve for a while my friends here to amuse!
From Newmarket my lads we started off score,
And running to Dover, we quitted the shore;
But scarce had we been half an hour at sea,
The course so uneven—d--n it—suited not me!
I ne'er was so sick in my days with a ride,
I've oft fac'd the wind—but I lik'd not the tide!
I'd rather, with crossing and jostling have run,
Five times o'er the beacon—d--n me—twenty to one!
However, at length, we alighted in Calais,
And from thence we proceeded to Fontainbleau palace!
But the drivers of chaises in France, I declare,
Would cause e'en a *parson* to curse, d—n and swear!
The first was a lank looking son of a whore,
With a tail to his hair, two yards long and more!
As thick as my arm—then nine hairs on a side;
A hat cock'd up before—and the brim a foot wide—
His face was so thin—but to look at the thief—
You'd swear he ne'er smelt of a buttock of beef;
His ruffles thus deep—finely painted with dirt;
And yet, damn the rascal, not a bit of a shirt.
His boots weigh'd nine stone—I'm sure I don't hatch,
(Fine things to have worn at a Newmarket match!)
In driving up hill he oft lighted his pipe—
At length—zounds! my passion began to grow ripe—
And it heightened my rage to see him assail
(With his whip 'cross his arm) each beast with his tail!
I damn'd him, and bid him drive faster along—
But faith I might just as well held my tongue;
As we neither could tell what the other did say—
So I was oblig'd to give him his way.
Arriv'd at the palace, just before the grand sport,
I saw the French king and queen go to court.
Great dukes and gay lords—what a world of fine ladies,
Their faces so painted they look'd white as babies!
I thought English ladies with painting their faces,
Disgusting enough—but there—Oh! d—n their graces;
And then for their heads! I've seen many here,
As big as a loaf of a peck—pretty near!
But there, each head with more wool is cramm'd,
Than one sheep ever wore—if they an't—I'll be d—n'd!
To give a description concerning the race,
Were needless to friends in this knowing place.
To be sure I had luck—but no matter for that,
To brag of the thing—you'd pronounce me a flat.
Only this you must hear—sure never was seen
A Newmarket jockey to kiss a French queen!)
When her majesty lighted from out of her coach,
And smilingly bid me her person approach,
She held out her hand. I down'd on my knee,
And kissing it, touch'd at the same time a fee.
You'll never know what, though each may seem willing,
I'll bet you all round—one pound to a shilling!
From this I suppose, if you'd name be but right,
I shall ever be call'd Sir John Oakley, knight!
Sam Arnul and Yorke had both cause to be glad,
For the queen had declar'd each a smart pretty lad!
(oh! smart pretty lad)
But perhaps, that she said from their hair being dress'd,
With powder, pomatum, and perfume of the best!
And thus the sly rogues each French booby nabs,
While we stay at home — d--n me — throwing of crabs;

Such

Such a fight on the beacon would make you all ftare!
And (d--n me) but I was afham'd of my hair!
Young Singleton too, who when here you all know,
Had nothing about him that fhew'd much the beau.
But now by the honour of each jockey here,
You ne'er faw a change fo odd and fo queer,
And then fuch a fight of French Louis d'ors,
They were pil'd in his windows—d--n me—fcores over fcores.
From this you muft own, he has found out the trick,
Without feven the main to come the grand nick!
Some may fneer at his luck, may grin, laugh, and fcoff,
But were you in his place, you would not wifh to be off.
More praife to the man, who from nothing doth rife,
Than glow-worms rich duke, who won the great prize!
I might here let you know of fome mighty regales,
With a lafs now and then, but I muft not tell tales!
Befides were it faid, that I ever did roam,
I might lead but a d--nable life for't at home;
And now of our grand entertainment to fpeak,
Such never was given by Jew, Turk or Greek.
Beneath a markee we were pleafantly feated,
And the Newmarket jockies by French nobles thus treated,
Six cooks, fix waiters, while fix at each table,
Drank wines of the beft, and eat while they were able;
Six turkies, fix hams, fix fowls and fix geefe,
Such fixes of all forts, I thought 'twould n'er ceafe;
And fix bottles of wine had each man to his fhare,
Then tell me my lads was not this charming fare?
All over!—we pofted to Calais again,
And I once more was forced to give up the rein!
We were not long ftarted, the fea how it run,
The odds were againft us, d--n me, fifty to one!
Nay, fifty! 'twas more! 'twas a hundred almoft,
That each jockey had run the wrong fide of the poft!
I reckon'd our lives, fouls and bodies as pledge,
A d--nation bet! and each wanted a hedge?
In fhort, for fome time, I was quite broken hearted,
Till I faw from the diftance poft where we firft ftarted;
I cry'd to the captain, by Jove, we're fafe over,
And I won a new race, by firft landing at Dover.
I fet fpurs to my horfe, got home again clever!
So—Newmarket—my lads, and the jockies for ever!

CRAB.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

PERHAPS you will fay the following ought to be inferted with other whining productions of the like nature in the Lady's Magazine, or fo; but I fhould fuppofe the ladies in general would think this void of fentiment, and as I know my fair one reads your Magazine, perhaps it will then meet her eye.

Your's, &c.

C. B.

A LOVE SONG.

AH! well a day my poor heart,
'Tis ftruck with a golden-tip'd dart,
From Sufan's black eye,
Oh! I die!—
Dear Sufan, have pity I pray,
Ah! well a day,
Full and well fure I love thee naught ever;
But Fate fhall my love and me fever.
Sweet Sufan, be not too fevere,
I revere,
I adore thee, may heav'n aufpicious fo prove
As I love.
What's the fun in meridian and height,
When my Sufan is abfent 'tis night,
Than the fun are her eyes far more bright,
More delight
Sufan gives than can riches, or honour, or might,
Was the fhepherd on Ida, once more I declare,
As the form of my Sue, or love's queen was moft rare,
By heaven he'd fwear,
No form with my Sue's could compare.
Not the down-covered peach is fo foft as her cheek,
Nor fo fragrant, nor fleek;
And Jove his nectar would forego to fip
The dewy moifture of her pouting lip.
My Sufan is all my defire,
When I think on her charms I am fire,
I burn with defire,
To enjoy her.
When Adam and Eve dwelt in Eden's fair grove,
An apple, fweet girl, was the pledge of their love;
Then let pity and love foften Sue thy decree,
And divide deareft maiden the apple with me.